

HYMNS AND TUNES.

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A BOOK

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

For the Sunday-School,

The Congregation, and the Home.

Compiled by D. Strong, Lowell.

New-York :

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER, 16 & 18 JACOB STREET.

1860.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New-York.

P R E F A C E .

I HAVE compiled this book primarily for use in Sunday-Schools and the Home Circle.

I have selected such Hymns as I could find most suitable to the wants and tastes of the young. I have not thought it necessary that they should be childish. It is not childishness, but picturesqueness in a hymn that most interests children. There will be found, however, some hymns and tunes suitable for the youngest.

The Tunes are such as seemed, from their familiarity, or their easy melody, or their congregational character, best suited for the purpose intended. Most of the good congregational tunes will be found here; both because it is desirable that the children should early learn these tunes, that they may afterwards sing them in the congregation, and because the book is thereby rendered available for congregational use; for which also a considerable number of the Hymns are fitted.

The association of Hymns with Tunes is so much a matter of personal taste or accident, that no arrangement can be made which will not disturb some associations. I have endeavored to unite them by something more than an arbitrary relation, so as to justify that permanent union which is desirable.

The Hymns are followed by a selection of Psalms, (in Dr. Noyes's version,) arranged for alternate reading. I intended to add a series of Scripture Lessons, selected from the various parts of the Bible; but have concluded to reserve them for a separate volume.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW CHAPEL, this book, prepared first of all for them, is affectionately DEDICATED, by their Pastor. He hopes that they will learn to love its Music and its Hymns; to sing them in school, at church, and at home; to know them *by heart*; and to cherish the true thoughts and holy feelings which they express. And often in coming years may these words and melodies, associated with happy hours, sacred resolutions, and dear friends, come up in their memories to comfort and to strengthen them.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Brooklyn, Dec. 25th, 1859.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF TUNES.

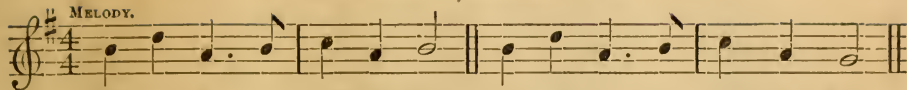
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NOTE.—The Tunes marked with a * are inserted by arrangement with Messrs. Mason Brothers, proprietors of the copy-right.

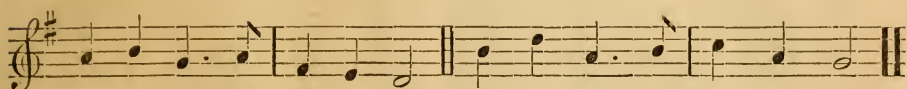
H Y M N S.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

MELODY.



Suppliant, lo! thy children bend, Fa-ther, for thy bless-ing now;



Thou canst teach us, guide, de - fend,— We are weak, al - might - y thou.

1.

Invocation.

SUPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,—
 We are weak, almighty thou.

With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teachers blessed ;
In their lives and on their hearts,
Father, be thy law impressed.

Pour into each needy mind
Light and knowledge from above ;
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

2.

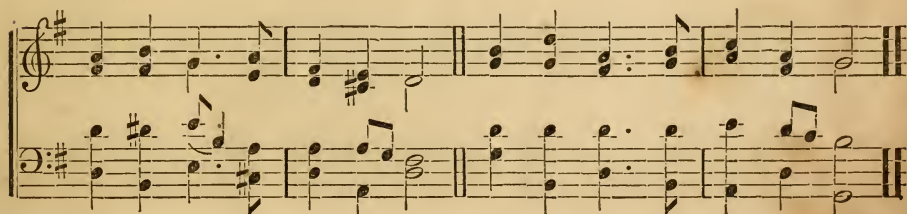
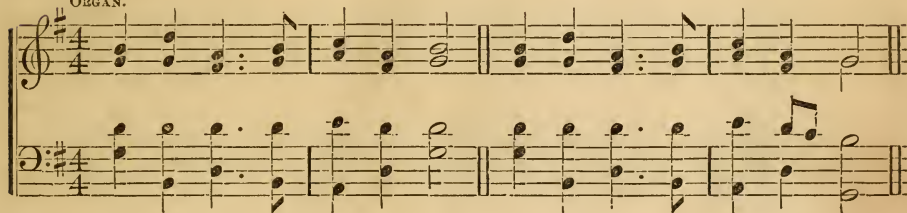
Benediction.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

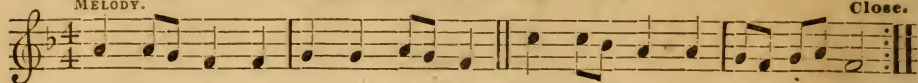
ORGAN.



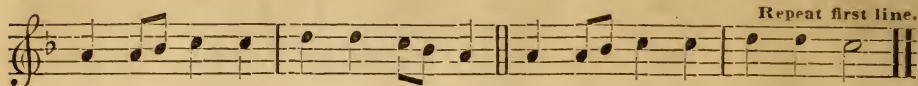
GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

MELODY.

Close.



{ Gra-cious God, our heavenly Fa-ther! Meet and bless our school, we pray; }
 { As in humble trust we gath-er, Teach-ers, scholars, here to-day. }
 May thy love our souls pos-sess-ing, Draw us near-er to thy throne.



Repeat first line.

Ev-ery joy, and ev-ery bless-ing, From thy bounteous hand we own;

3.

Meeting.

GRACIOUS God, our heavenly Father!
 Meet and bless our school, we pray;
 As in humble trust we gather,
 Teachers, scholars, here to-day.
 Every joy, and every blessing,
 From thy bounteous hand we own;
 May thy love, our souls possessing,
 Draw us nearer to thy throne.

Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
 From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
 Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
 Bring us back to virtue's way.
 Humble, penitent, confiding,
 May we rest our hope in thee;
 In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
 In thy peace and purity.

4.

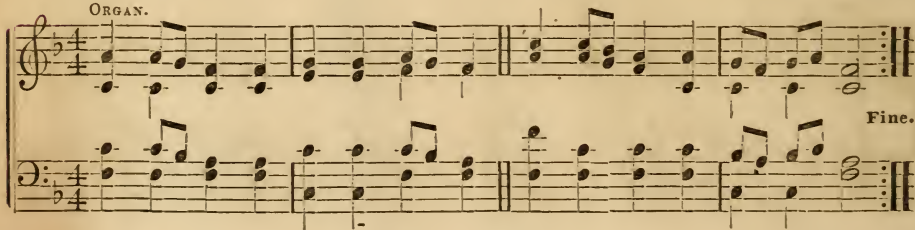
Parting.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us!
 Keep our feet from secret snares;
 Keep from sins that so impede us;
 Keep our eyes from bitter tears.
 When temptation shall assail us,
 When in dangerous paths we stray,
 May our courage never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way!

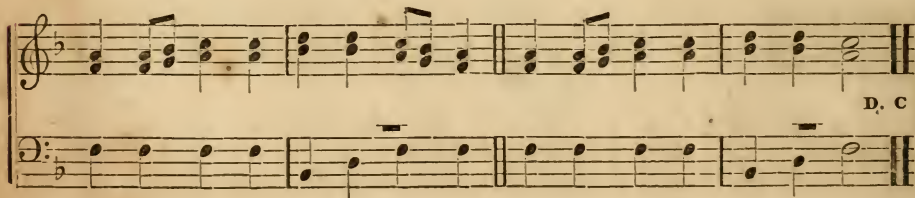
5.

FATHER! grant us now thy blessing,
 Smile upon us from above;
 Let us all, pure hearts possessing,
 Fill our lives with deeds of love.
 Make us gentle, kind, and lowly;
 Make us brave, and true, and free;
 Teach us to be good and holy,
 Like to Jesus and to Thee!

ORGAN.



Fine.



D. C

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4s.



In thy name, O Lord! as - sembling, We thy chil - dren now draw near:



Teach us to re - joice, un-trembling, Speak; and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear thy word with-out a fear.

6.

Assembling.

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We thy children now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice, untrembling,
Speak; and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word without a fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we work, nor weary be;
Till thy kingdom
Shall, through us, the nearer be.

7.

Dismission.

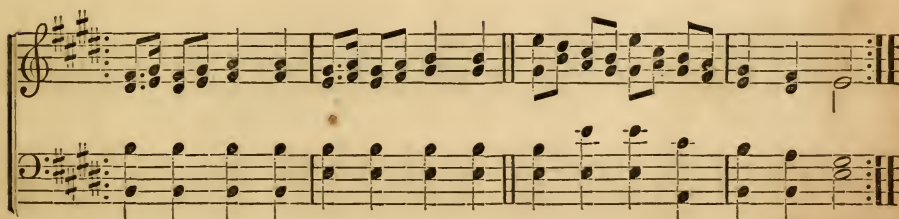
LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;

Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love:
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.

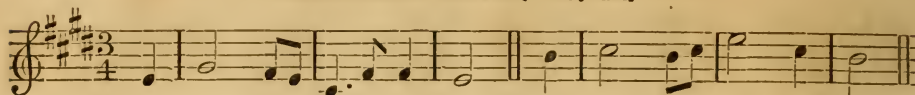
Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of its salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

8.

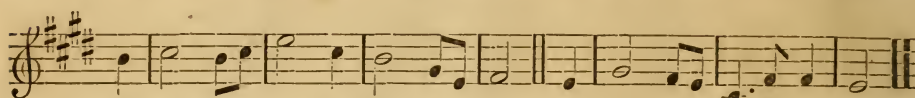
Now to Him who loves us, gives us
Every blessing love could give,—
In our wanderings never leaves us,
Gives the life by which we live,
Be the kingdom
And dominion,
And the glory, evermore!



GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



The foun - tain in its source No drought of sum - mer fears;



The far - ther it pursues its course, The no - bler it ap - pears.

9.

Come ye to the waters.

THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of life, for Thee!
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Thee, the fountain, come!

10.

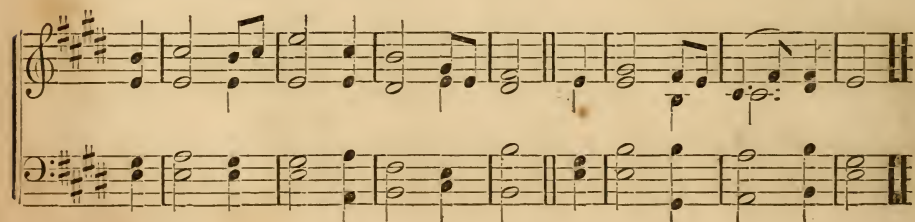
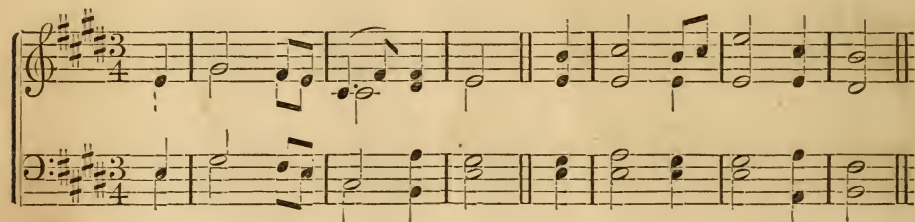
Go in peace.

COME, children, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And if our way be bright or dark,
He's ever at our side.

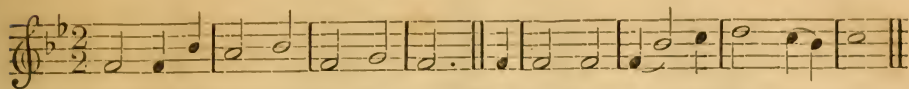
Our spirits He will cheer
With sunshine of his love,
He guards us, and we need not fear,
With such a Friend above.

Come, children, let us go!
Nor by the way fall out;
But help each other brotherly,—
God guards you round about.

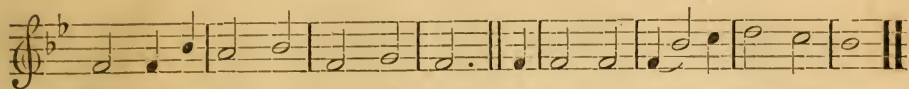
The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, if they fall:
In love, and peace, and quiet, go!
God's blessing keep us all!



WARD. L. M.



Father in heaven! thy ceaseless love Has brought us on - ward to this day;



Blest with thy kindness from a - bove, An-oth - er week has passed a - way.

11.

Meeting.

FATHER in heaven! thy ceaseless love
Has brought us onward to this day;
Blest with thy kindness from above,
Another week has passed away.

Be ours, O Lord, a grateful heart
To feel thy kindness and obey;
Ne'er may we from thy love depart,
Ne'er may we leave thy heavenly way.

Be ours, this day, a willing mind
To learn what thou wouldst have us do,
And how we may thy favor find,
And love and serve each other too.

Thy happy children may we live,
Thy happy children may we die;

To all may God, our Father, give
A glorious immortality!

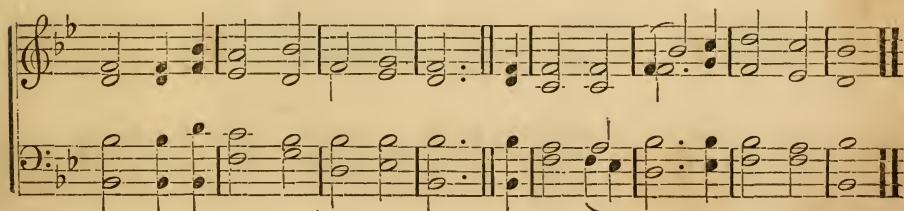
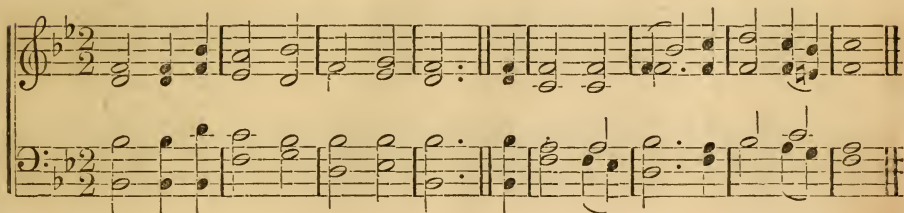
12.

Parting.

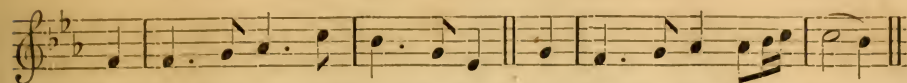
THY presence, ever living God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;
When parted, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.

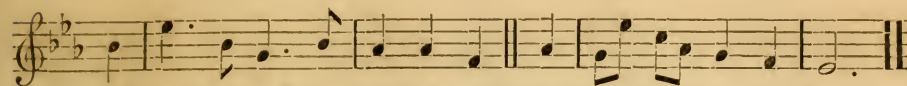
To Thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.



BRATTLE STREET. Concluded.



Thy love the power of thought bestowed! To thee my thoughts would soar;



Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

15.

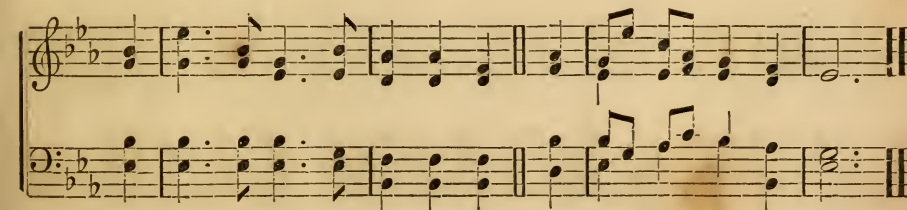
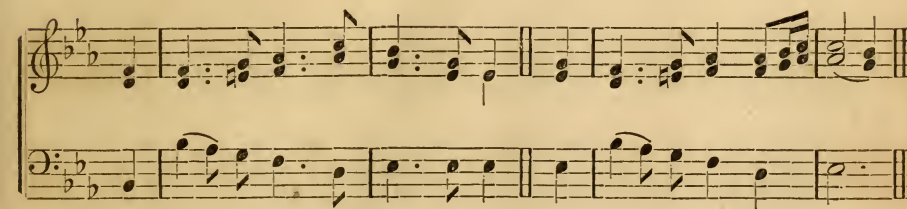
The Hymn of Nature.

THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
 Attune their evening hymn;
 All-wise, all-holy, thou art praised
 In song of seraphim.
 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
 Unite to worship thee,
 While thy majestic greatness fills
 Space, time, eternity.

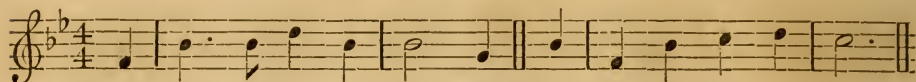
Nature, a temple worthy thee,
 Beams with thy light and love;
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
 Whose stars rejoice above;
 Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
 That rise along the shore;
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord
 Of storm and ocean-roar.

Her song of gratitude is sung
 By Spring's awakening hours;
 Her Summer offers at thy shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
 Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,
 In glorious luxury given;
 While Winter's silver heights reflect
 Thy brightness back to heaven.

On all thou smil'st; and what is man
 Before thy presence, God?
 A breath—but 'tis a breath from thee,
 That makes him nature's lord;
 His body to the earth belongs,
 But quickened, Lord, by thee,
 His spirit to its Father springs,
 To immortality.



WEBB. 7s & 6s.



O God, our Heavenly Fa - ther! With grateful hearts we come,



And in de - vo - tion gath - er With - in this hallowed room:

16.

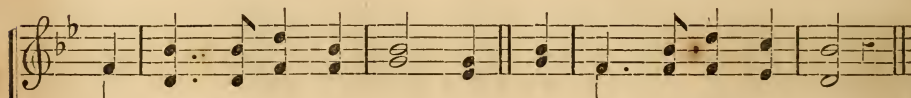
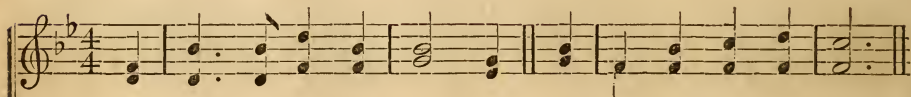
Opening Hymn.

O God, our Heavenly Father!
With grateful hearts we come,
And in devotion gather
Within this hallowed room:
And while our youthful voices
Bear up the hymn to thee,
Each tender heart rejoices
In thy benignity.

Here may thy blessing greet us,
On this thy holy day,
And here our teachers meet us,
And point the heavenly way,—
The way of truth and duty,
Pursued by thy dear Son,—
The path of light and beauty;
Heaven's course on earth begun.

Here, while we learn his story
Of meekness, faith, and love,
Of trials, sufferings, glory,
And endless joy above;
O Father! here endue us
With wisdom from on high;
And, as we need, renew us
In Christ-like piety.

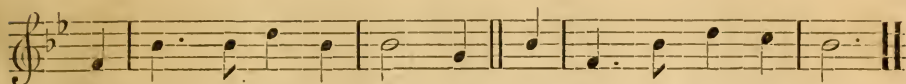
O Father! may thy kindness
Our gratitude command!
O, may we ne'er in blindness
Reject thy proffered hand!
Thy wisdom, let it guide us
Along life's devious road;
Thy love at last provide us
A rest with thee, O God!



WEBB. Concluded.



And while our youthful voi - ces Bear up the hymn to thee,



Each ten - der heart re - joic - es In thy be - nig - ni - ty.

17.

Opening Hymn.

We come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love;
Like streams of bounty flowing
Thy mercies from above.

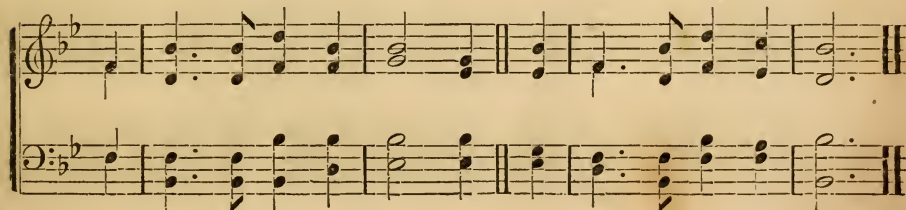
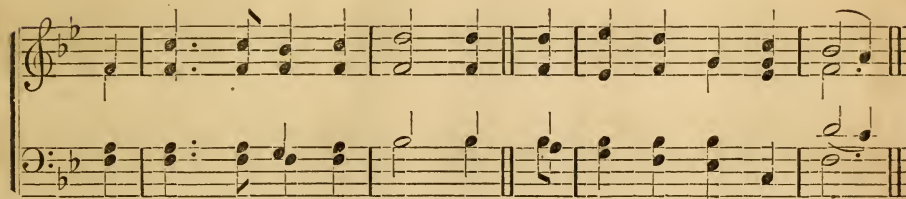
Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
O Father! thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here:
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still, thou, in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth for ever
Shall be our only guide;
From duty's path we'd never,
O, never! turn aside.

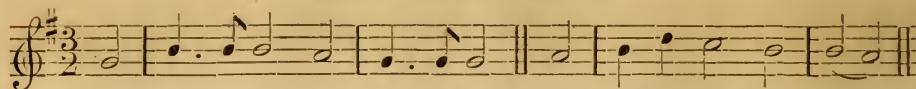
18.

Closing Hymn.

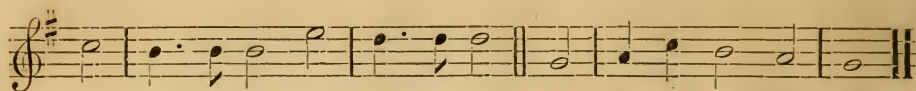
O God, whose truth believing,
We gathered here to-day,
The truths we've been receiving
Bless, ere we go away!
Deep in our spirits living,
Like seeds of golden grain,
In fruits of noble striving
May they spring up again.



ARLINGTON. C. M.



Now con - descend, Al - might - y King, To bless this lit - tle throng;



And kind - ly lis - ten, while we sing Our pleasant part - ing song.

19.

Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our pleasant parting song.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
Oh, smile upon this cheerful band,
And join our hearts in love!

20.

"To God be glory! Peace on earth!"
Let us repeat again
The hymn that hailed the Saviour's birth,—
"Peace and good will to men!"

Good will to men! O God, we hail
This of thy law the sum;
For as this shall o'er earth prevail,
So shall thy kingdom come!

21.

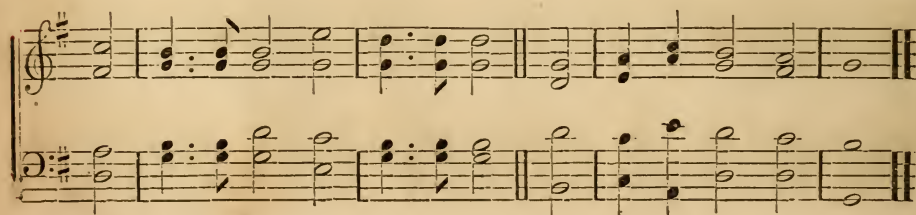
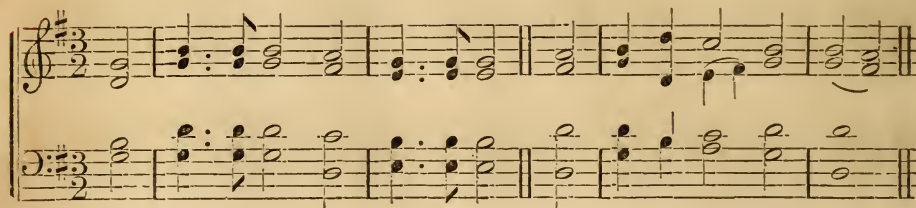
O God! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed;
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast,— [heaven,

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

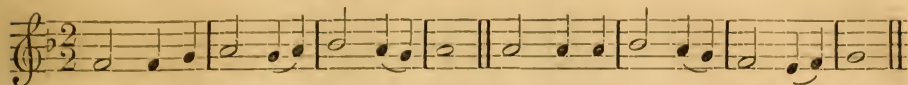
22.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated light,
May guide us as we go.

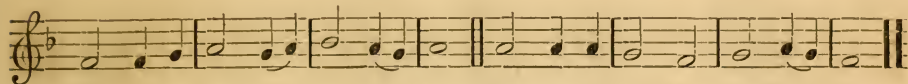
No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.



HAMBURG. L. M.



E - ter-nal God! Al - migh-ty Cause Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!



All things are sub - ject to thy laws; All things depend on thee a - lone.

23.

The one God.

ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blessed.

Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

Oh, spread thy truth through every land,
In every heart thy love be known;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And, as thou art, reign God alone.

24.

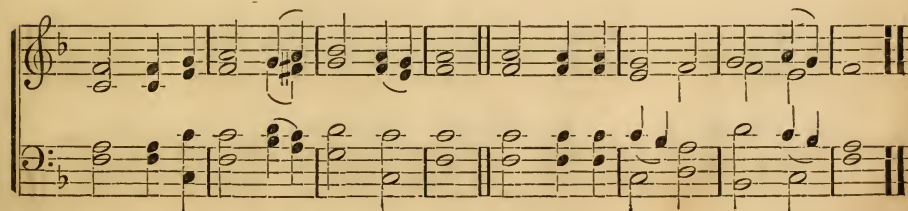
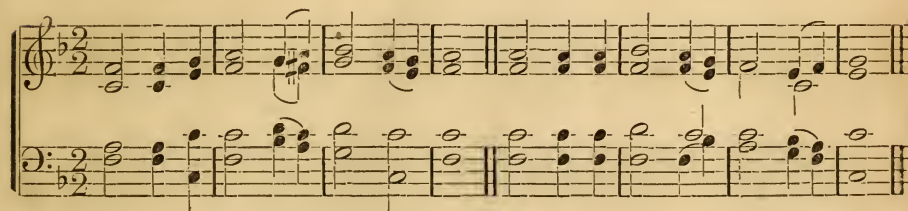
God is every where.

FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

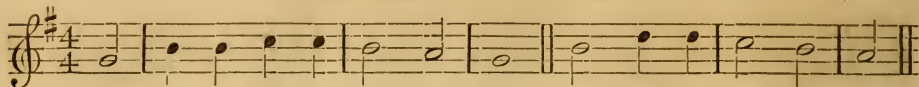
Great Spirit! we thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
To human eyes invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We think not in some hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.

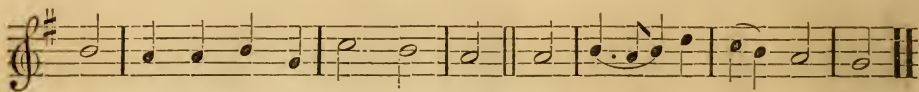
Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought;
Since thou, their God, art every where,
They can not be where thou art not.



PETERBORO'. C. M.



O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shelter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!

25.

The Everlasting God.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy children dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

26.

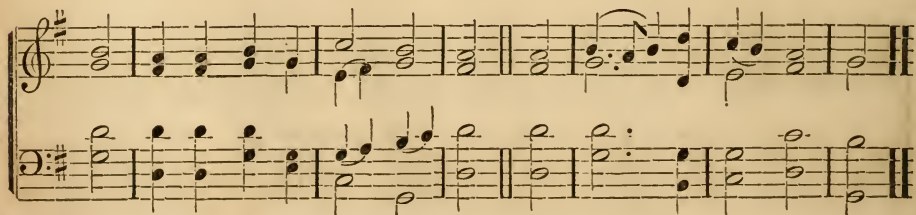
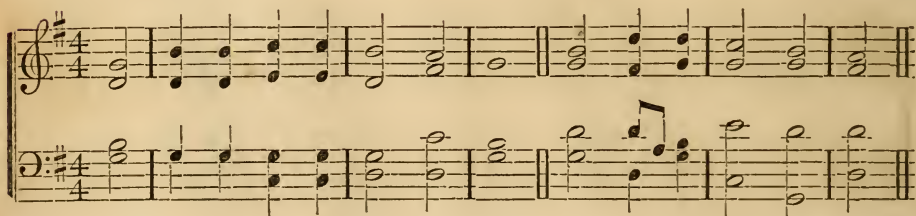
The God of our Fathers.

God of our fathers! by whose hand
Their children still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

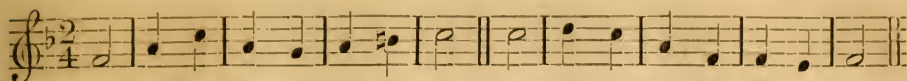
Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

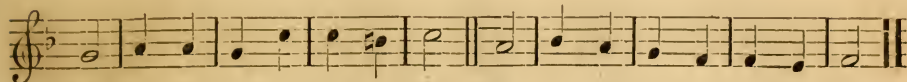
To thee, our Father and our God,
We our whole souls resign;
And thankful own, that all we are
And all we have is thine.



IOSCO. L. M.



With-in thy circling arms I lie, O God! in thine in - fin - i - ty:



My soul in qui - et shall a - bide, Be - set with love on ev - ery side.

27.

God surrounds us.

With-in thy circling arms I lie,
O God! in thine infinity:
My soul in quiet shall abide,
Beset with love on every side.

With-in thy circling power I dwell,
The power that doeth all things well;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

How sure his law, how great his might!
His holiness, how infinite!
How reverend is his majesty!
His wisdom, Oh, how deep and high!

Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

28.

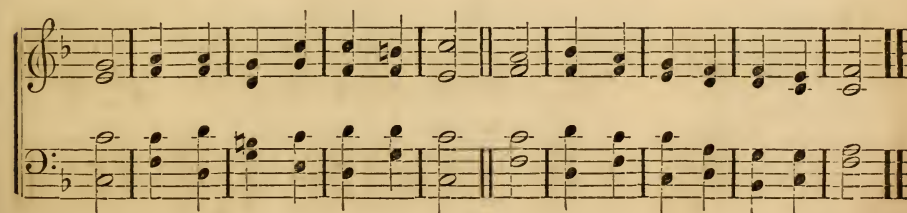
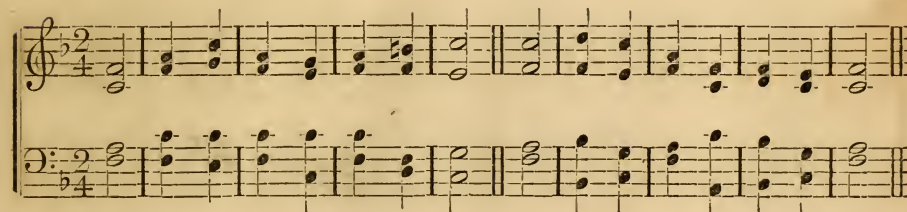
God is Just.

THE Lord is just: this is his throne;
All nations shall his justice own;
Oh, may my conscience be sincere,
And God's own righteousness be there.

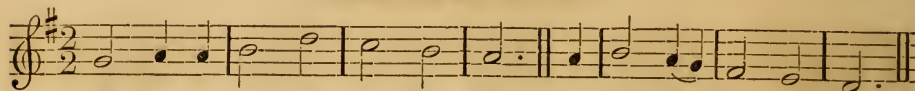
My trust is in thy righteous name,
Save me from sin and guilty shame,
In thee, O God, I put my trust;
Thou ever holy, ever just!

Ye troubled spirits, seek his face,
And rest upon his righteousness;
Let sacred courage fill your hearts,
The strength the righteous God imparts.

Just is our God, for ever just;
Upon this rock I fix my trust;
This faith shall every fear remove;
His justice is his perfect love.



DEDHAM. C. M.



God made the world—in ev - ery land His love and power are seen ;



All are pro - tect - ed by his hand, As well as we have been.

29.

One God of all.

God made the world—in every land
His love and power are seen ;
All are protected by his hand,
As well as we have been.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands,
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There, in majestic power he reigns,
An ever-present God.

30.

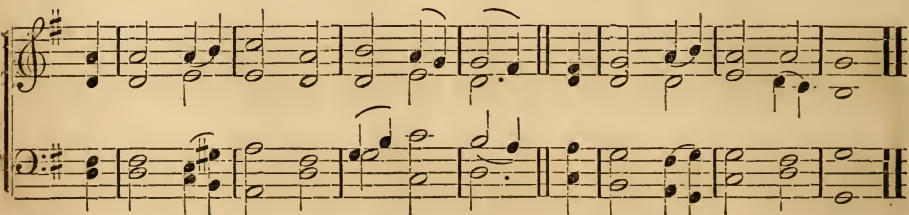
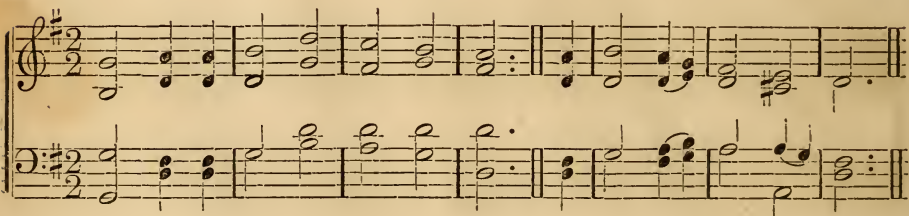
One Father of all.

ALL the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and birth,
God loves them every one.

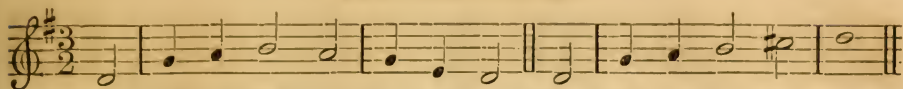
Alike the rich and poor are known,
The polished and the wild ;
God sees the king upon his throne,
And every little child.

He who regards the wise and fair,
The noble and the brave,
Doth listen to the beggar's prayer,
And to the negro slave.

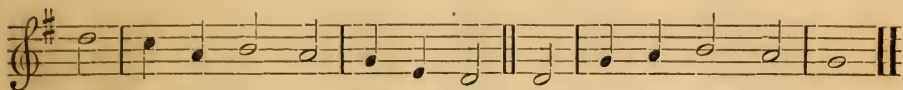
O God, since thou to all art kind,
Teach me like kindness, too,
Large charity for all mankind,
Of every race and hue.



MELODY. C. M.



E - ter - nal Wis - dom, thee we praise! Thee the cre - a - tion sings!



With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heaven's high pal - ace rings.

31.

God the Creator.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

Thy glories shine all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

32.

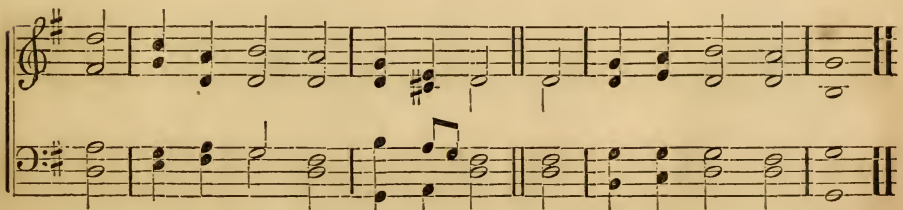
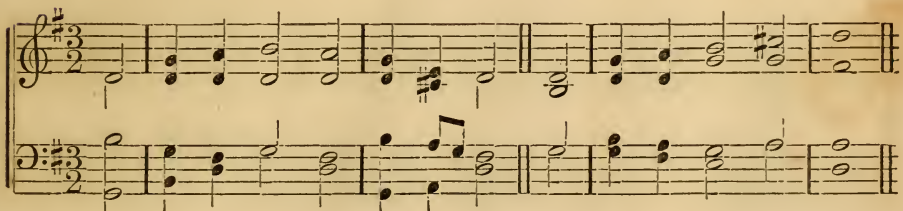
The Author of Beauty.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

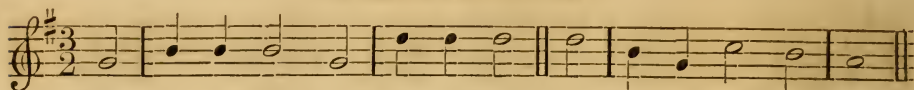
There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, or dark, or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.

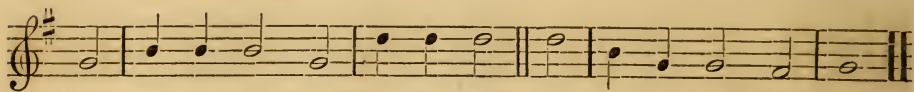
Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er we turn the eye;
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!



MARLOW. C. M.



Even he, who lit the stars of old, And filled the o - cean broad,



Whose works and ways are man - i - fold— Our Fa - ther is our God.

33.

God, our Father.

EVEN he, who lit the stars of old,
And filled the ocean broad,
Whose works and ways are manifold—
Our Father is our God.

There comes no change upon his years,
No failure to his hand;
His love will lighten all our cares,
His law our steps command.

Then, as his children we may come,
For he hath called us near,
And bade our souls take courage from
The love that casts out fear.

Lord, while on earth we work and pray,
For good withheld or given;
Help us in faith and love to say,
Father, who art in heaven!

34.

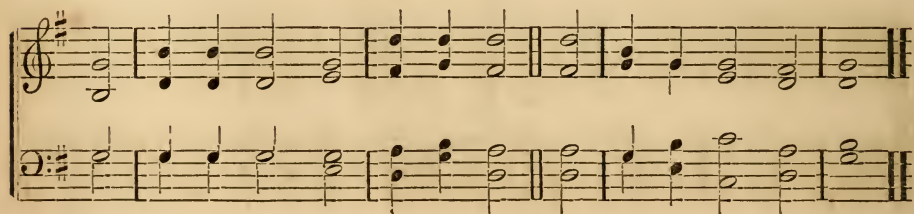
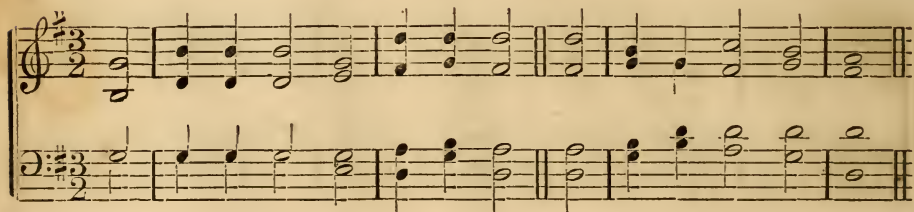
The Giver of all good.

LORD! I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

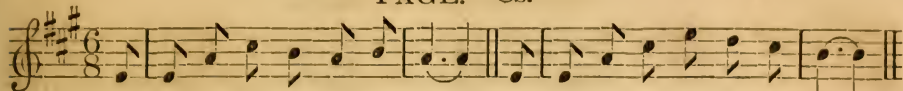
My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight
In darkness or in day.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.



PAGE. 88.



A kind, loving Father we have, Un-seen, yet for ev - er at hand;



Un-change-a - bly faithful to save, Al - mighty to rule and com - mand.

35.

The Heavenly Father.

A KIND, loving Father we have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

His smiles and his blessings abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The children who on him depend.

How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend!
His love is as great as his power,
And neither has measure or end.

Eternal, the first and the last,
His spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

36.

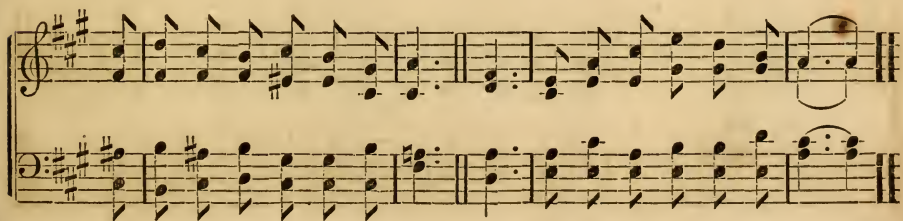
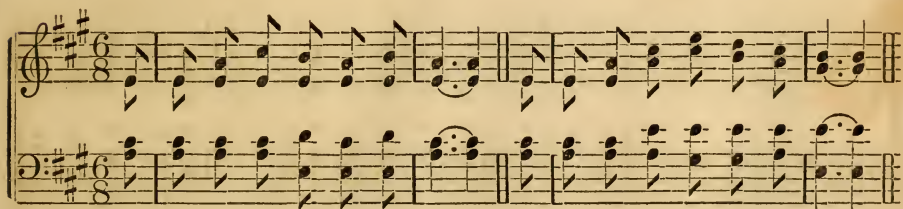
He giveth his Angels charge.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy fatherly care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

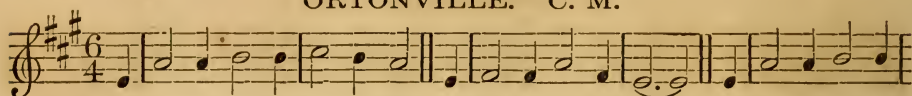
If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is not darkness to me;
And fast as the moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy minist'ring spirits descend
Their watch round thy children to keep;
By day and by night they attend,
And guard both our waking and sleep.

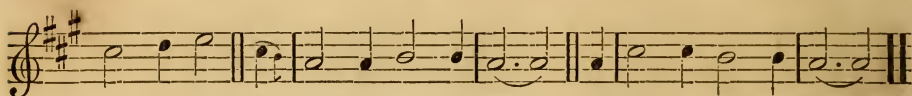
I, too, am of heavenly birth,
To me is some ministry given;
May I do thy will upon earth,
As 'tis done by the angels of heaven.



ORTONVILLE. C. M.



My God, my Father—blissful name—O may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as-



- - surance claim A por-tion so di-vine? A por-tion so di-vine.

37.

The Heavenly Father.

My God, my Father—blissful name—
O may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrow fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh give me strength to bear;
But let me know my Father reigns,
I'll trust his tender care.

38.

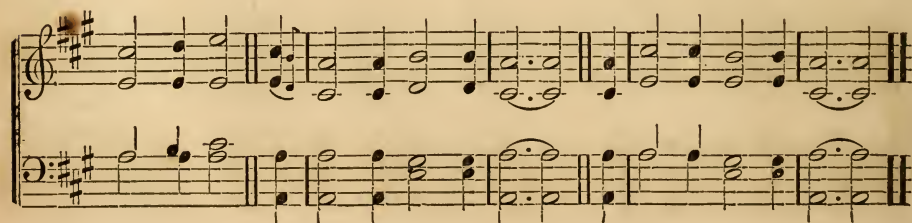
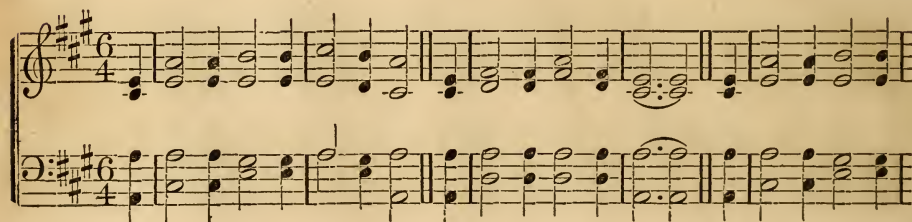
The Child of God.

LORD, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
O may the spirit of a son
Declare my heart divine.

Not by the terrors of a slave
God's sons perform his will,
But, with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

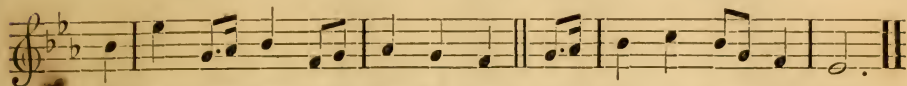
Oh, happy souls! Oh, glorious state!
Oh, overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his loving face.



LITCHFIELD. C. M.



Fa - ther! I love to read of thee, And learn of heaven a - bove;



To hear what thou hast done for me By thy un - ceas - ing love.

39.

God's Fatherly Love.

FATHER: I love to read of thee,
And learn of heaven above;
To hear what thou hast done for me
By thy unceasing love.

To think that all this world contains
Was made and formed by thee;
And yet the power which all sustains
Has thought and care for me.

That thou art ever kind and good,
My constant blessings prove;
My home, my friends, my daily food,
Speak thy unfailing love.

Father! I know each living thing
Should sing its Maker's praise;
Oh, let me, then, my tribute bring,
My little offering raise!

40.

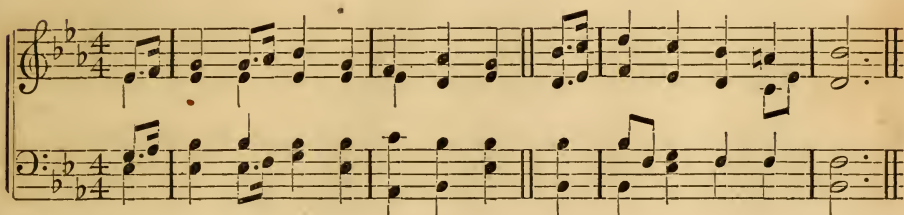
Goodness of God.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
That goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!

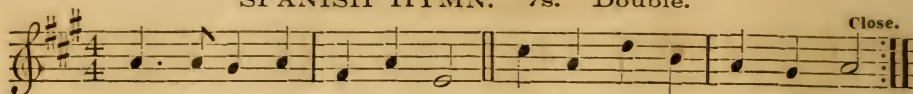
Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
In human hearts is seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

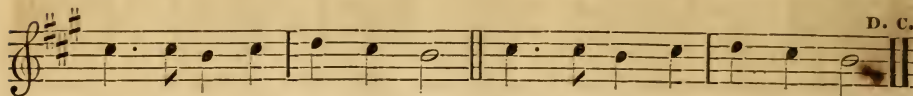


SPANISH HYMN. 7s. Double.



Close.

{ Poor and need-y though I be, God Al - mighty cares for me! }
 { Gives me clothing, shel - ter, food— Gives me all I have of good; }
 Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed; Life and all de - scend from God.



D. C.

Com - passes with an - gel bands, Bids them bear me in their hands;

41.

He careth for us.

POOR and needy though I be,
 God Almighty cares for me!
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food—
 Gives me all I have of good.
 Compasses with angel bands,
 Bids them bear me in their hands;
 Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed;
 Life and all descend from God.

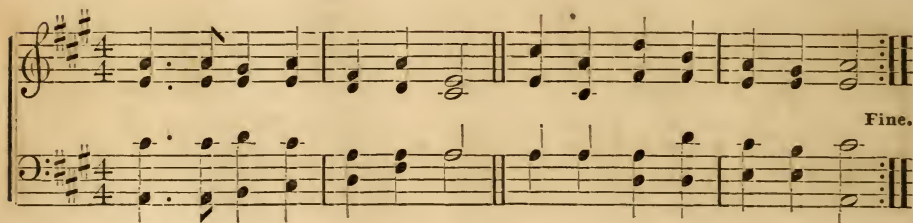
Man, we for his kindness love;
 How much more our God above;
 Unto him we'll ever give
 Thanks for all that we receive;
 Unto him we'll tune our song,
 Happy as the day is long:
 "This my joy for ever be—
 God Almighty cares for me!"

42.

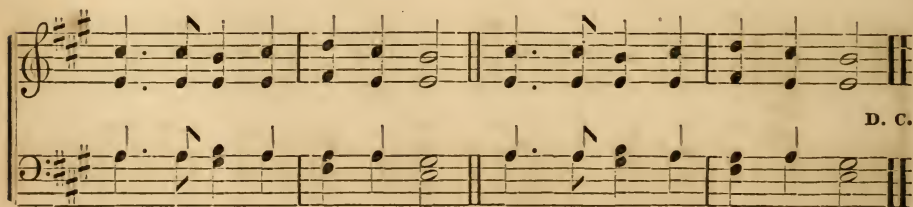
Consider the Lilies.

Lo, the lilies of the field!
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of heaven!
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles trust and piety:
 Children, banish doubt and sorrow,—
 God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our earthly destiny;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps his children lest they fall:
 Pass we, then, in love and praise,
 Trusting in him, all our days,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
 God provideth for the morrow.

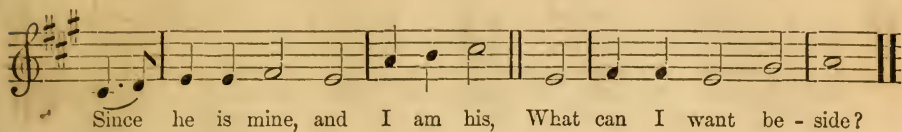
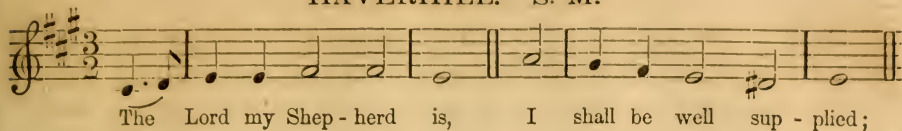


Fine.



D. C.

HAVERHILL. S. M.



43.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid
I can not yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there. [shade,

44.

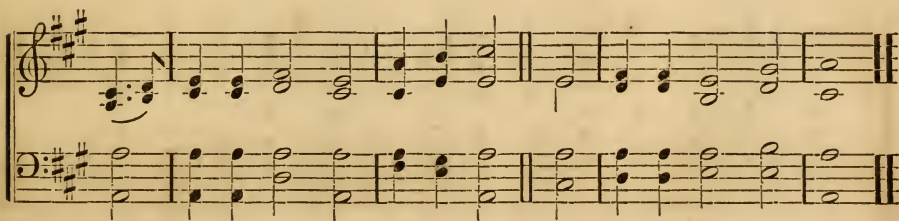
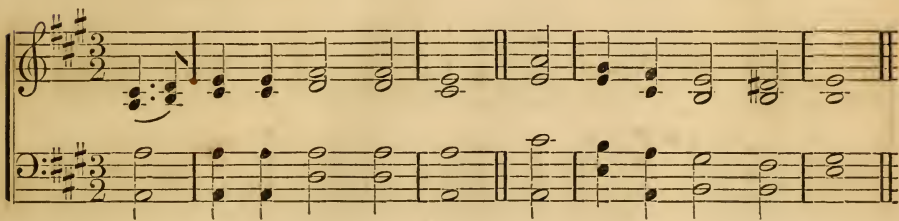
God will provide.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, leave your burdens to the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

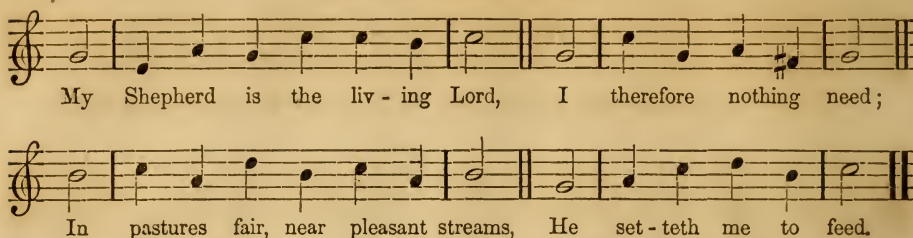
His bounty will provide;
Ye shall securely dwell;
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

Oh, why should anxious thought
Press down your weary mind?
Come, seek your Heavenly Father's face,
And peace and gladness find.

His goodness stands for all
Unchanged from day to day;
We'll drop our burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.



ST. ANN'S. C. M.



45.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need ;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

Yea, though I walk the vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

And, in the presence of my foes,
My table thou shalt spread ;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly shown to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

46.

Te Deum.

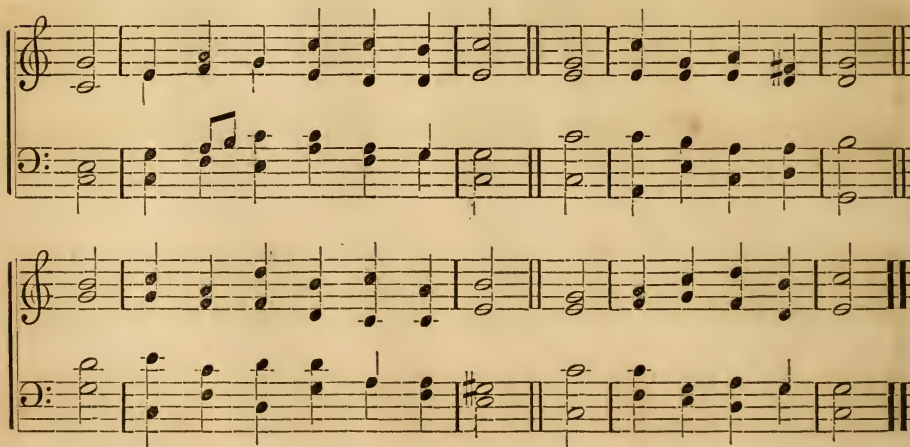
O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry :

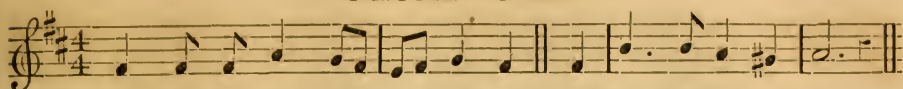
O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host
Thy constant praise recite.

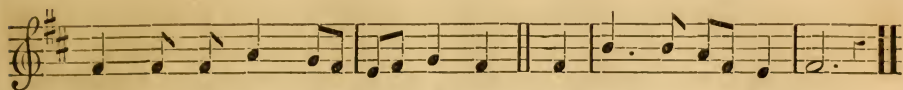
The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou th' Eternal Father, art
Of boundless majesty.



NAOMI. C. M.



See the kind, heavenly Shepherd stands, And calls his sheep by name ;



Gath - ers the fee - ble in his arms, And feeds each ten - der lamb.

47.

The Lambs in his Bosom.

SEE the kind, heavenly Shepherd stands,
And calls his sheep by name ;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow ;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.

The feeblest lambs amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care ;
While folded in our Father's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

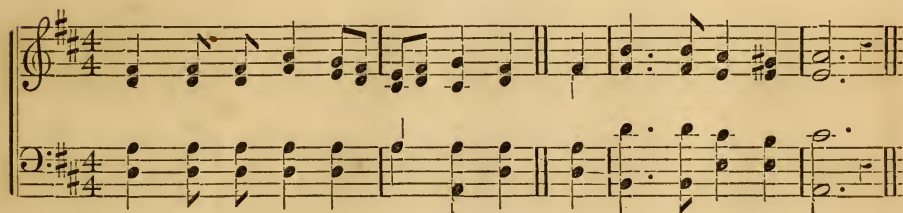
48.

A thankful Heart.

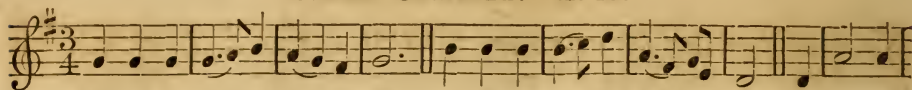
FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—

“Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

“Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.”



PARK STREET. L. M.



Father, to thy kind love we owe All that is fair and good be-low; Be-stow-er



of the health that lies On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes! On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

49.

Loving-kindness of God.

FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
Then, breathe'st o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

Yet deem we not that thus alone,
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

50.

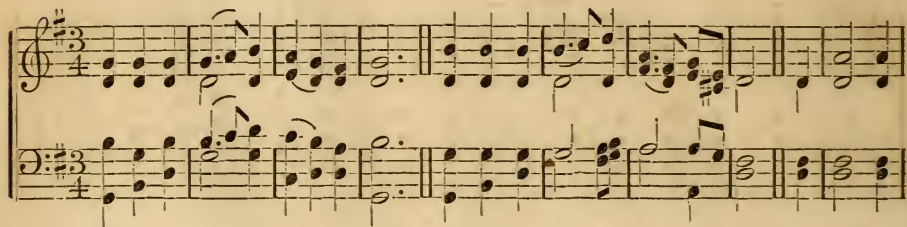
Song of Faith.

SING to the Lord, and loud proclaim
His mighty and his loving name!
Oh, may he not be named alone,
But by our sure experience known!

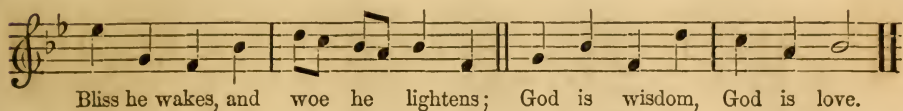
Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same?

To thee our souls in faith arise;
To thee we lift expectant eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.



WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



51.

God is Love.

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

52.

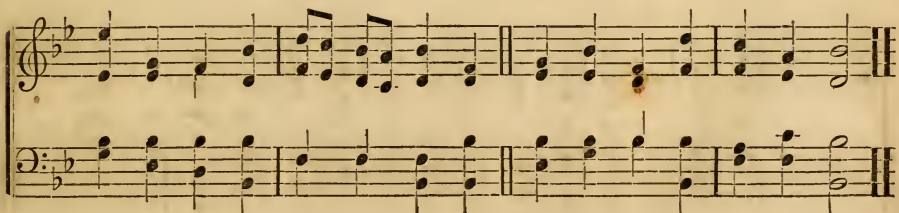
Praise ye the Lord!

PRaise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew!
When the world, again created,
Beams with beauties fair and new!

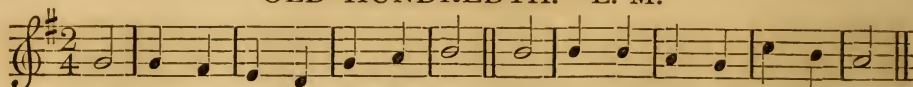
Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers!
Praise, thou willow by the brookside!
Praise, ye birds among the bowers!

Praise the Lord! and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

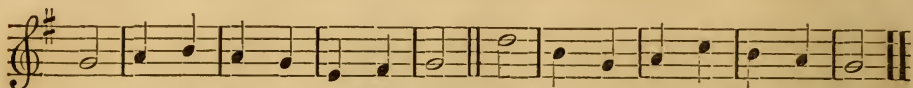
Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven!
Angels, sing your sweetest lays!
Children, utter forth his glory!
Sound your great Creator's praise!



OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.



Be thou, O God! ex - alt - ed high; And, as thy glo - ry fills the sky,



So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

53.

Psalm of Praise.

Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

O God, my heart is fixed, intent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

54.

Doxology.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

55.

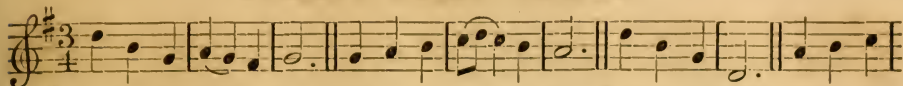
Parting Hymn.

For mercies past we praise thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, thine arm our stay!



ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



Come, thou al-mighty King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!

56.

Invocation.

COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Come, thou eternal Word,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend !
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give to thy truth success ;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend !

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour !
Thou, who almighty art,
Rule now in every heart,
Never from us depart,
Spirit of Power !

57.

Glad Praise.

GLAD hearts to thee we bring,
With joy thy name we sing,
Father above!

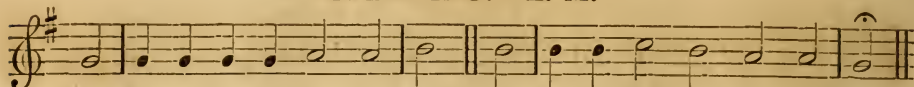
Creation praises thee,
O'er all around we see,
In sky, and flower, and tree,
Proofs of thy love.

Thou who our Father art,
To us that grace impart
Which Jesus knew ;
Aid us like him to live,
To thee our hearts to give
And in thy word believe,
Thou only true !

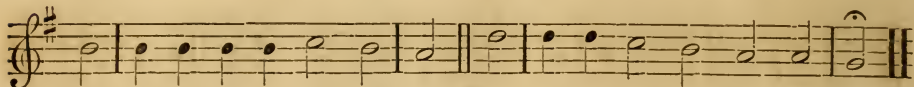
Giver of all our powers !
Now in life's morning hours,
May they be thine !
Oh, that our lives may be
Pure, and from error free,
An off'ring worthy thee,
Father divine !



STERLING. L. M.



Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-might-y King;



For we our voices high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's Rock we praise.

58.

Thanksgiving.

Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

59.

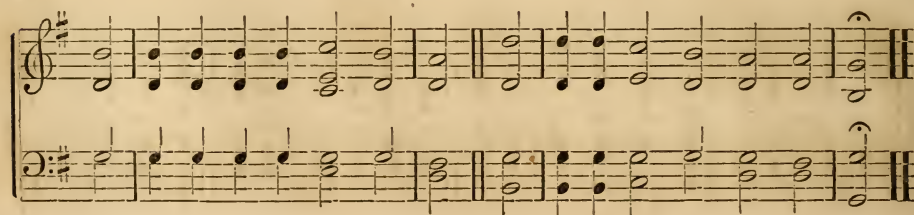
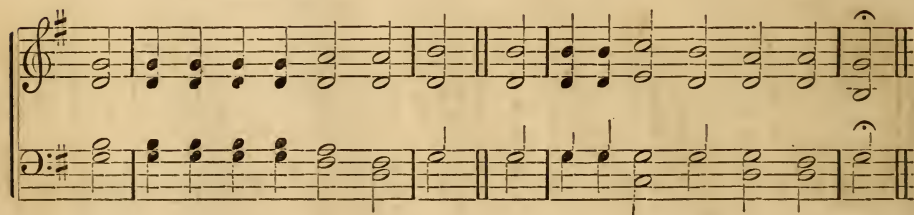
Praise in Holiness.

Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

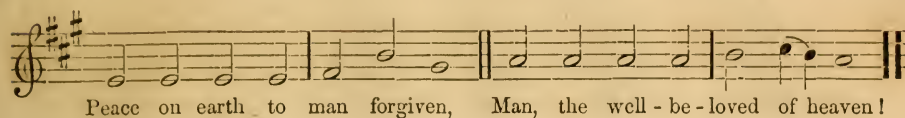
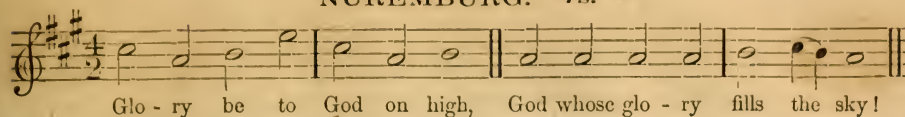
Who can his mighty deeds express?—
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practice what they know.

Then, render thanks to God above,
And praise him by a life of love;
They praise him best, who best obey,
And never from his precepts stray.



NUREMBURG. 7s.



60.

Glory to God.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky!
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven!

Happy children, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

Mark the wonders of his hand;
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream!

Gracious Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our selfish passions cease.

61.

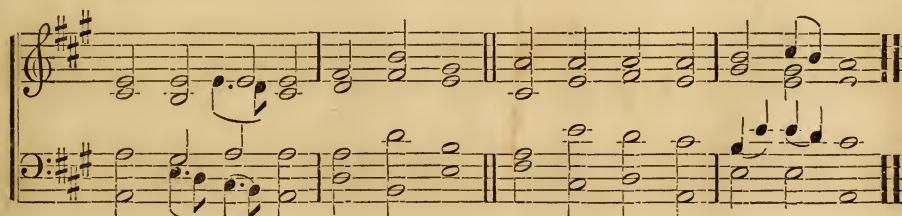
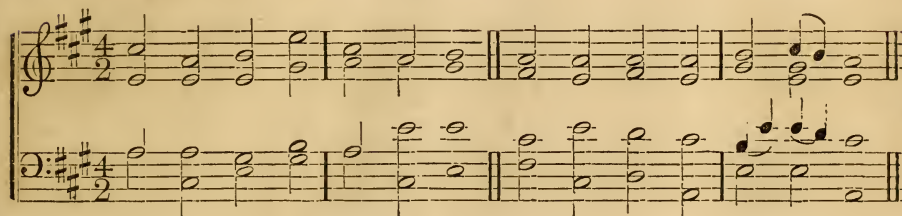
Praise to God.

PRAISE to God! Oh, let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise!
Of that goodness let us sing,
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

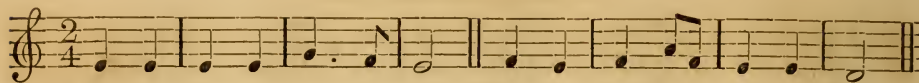
Praise him for our happy hours,
Praise him for our varied powers,
For these thoughts that rise above,
For these hearts he made for love.

For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin,
Praise to him whose tender care
Keeps this watchful guardian there!

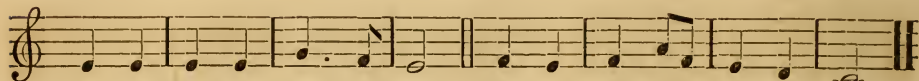
Praise his mercy, that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend!
Praise him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes all worlds rejoice!



EDES. 7s.



Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind.



For his mer-cy shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.

62.

Psalms of Praise.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

63.

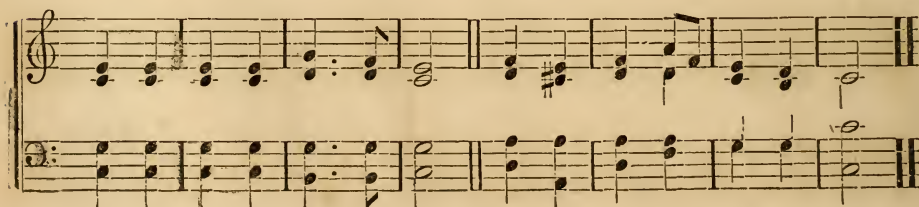
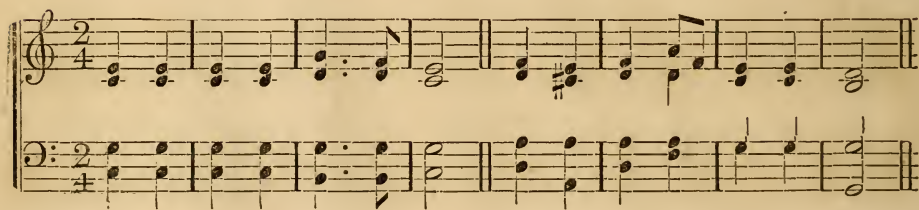
Harmony of Praise.

Thou, who dwell'st enthroned above!
Thou, in whom we live and move!
Thou, who art most great, most high!
God from all eternity!

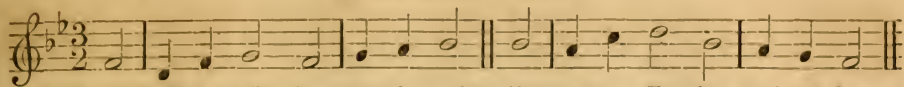
Oh, how sweet, how excellent
'Tis when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler! Mighty Lord!

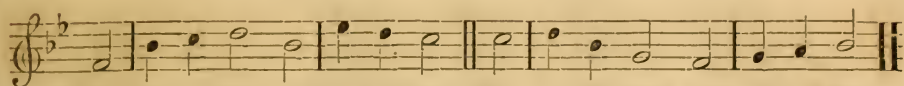
Decks the spring with flowers the field!
Harvests rich doth autumn yield!
Giver of all good below!
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.



HEBRON. L. M.



Great God! and wilt thou con-descend To be my Fa-ther and my Friend?



I but a child,—and thou so high, The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

64.

A Child of God.

GREAT GOD! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child,—and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

65.

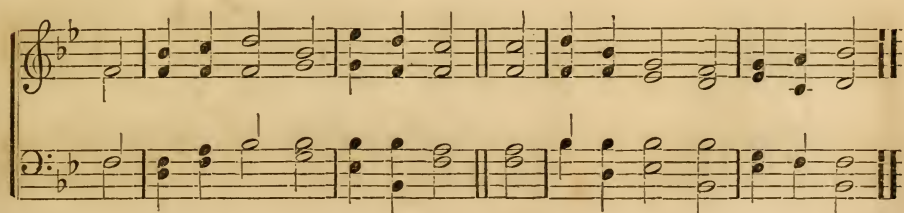
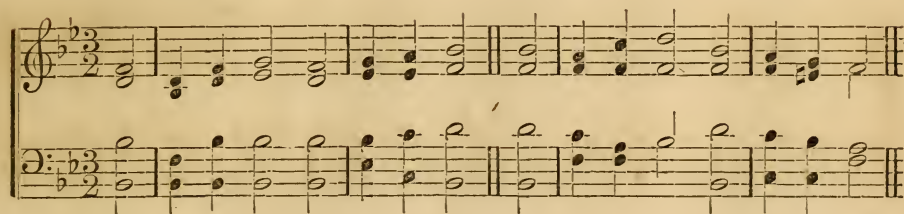
Rest in God.

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

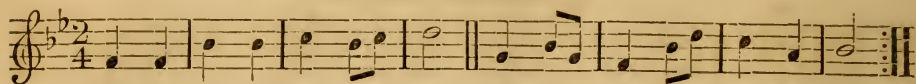
Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

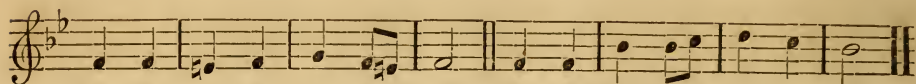
Faith in thy love forbids my fear,
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I hear
Thy love and gladness in my heart!



ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.



{ Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me lov - ing, meek, and mild, }
 { Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me, Lord, thy ho - ly child; }



From dis - trust and en - vy free; Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

66.

A Child-like Spirit.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
 Make me loving, meek, and mild;
 Upright, simple, free from art;
 Make me, Lord, thy holy child;
 From distrust and envy free;
 Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows beneath his father's eyes
 He is never left alone;
 So would I with thee abide,
 Thou, my Father, Guard, and Guide!

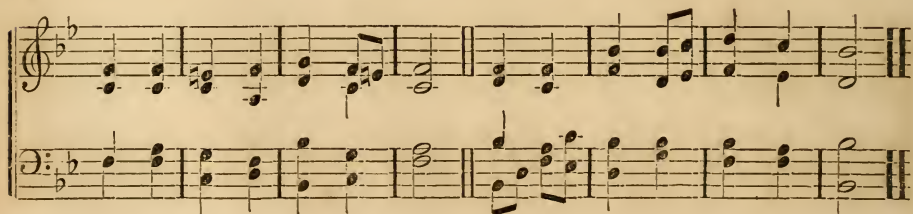
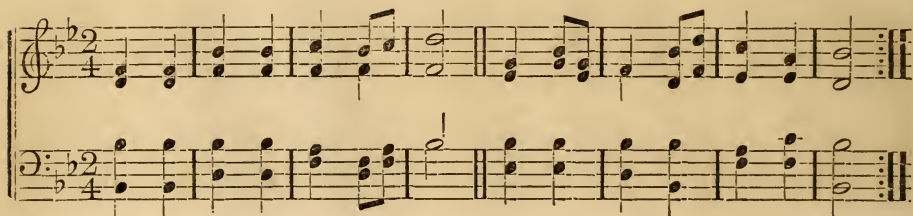
67.

The Spirit of Adoption.

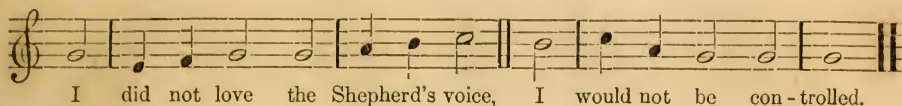
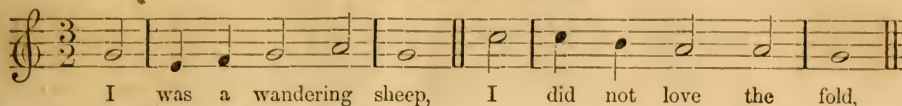
HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
 In the highest heaven adored,
 Dwelling in the loving heart,
 Surely thou our Father art:
 From thy love our spirits came;—
 Father, hallowed be thy name!

In our spirits may we feel
 Child-like love, thy Spirit's seal;
 Then, in all our want or wealth,
 Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
 Still our prayer shall be the same;—
 Father, hallowed be thy name!

Lead us with thy gentle sway,
 As a willing child is led;
 Thy kind laws may we obey,
 Take from thee our daily bread,
 While our daily prayer we frame;—
 Father, hallowed be thy name!



BOYLSTON. S. M.



68.

The Lost found.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold,
 I did not love the Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child,
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild;
 They found me nigh to death,
 An-hungered, faint, and lone,
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled,
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam,
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

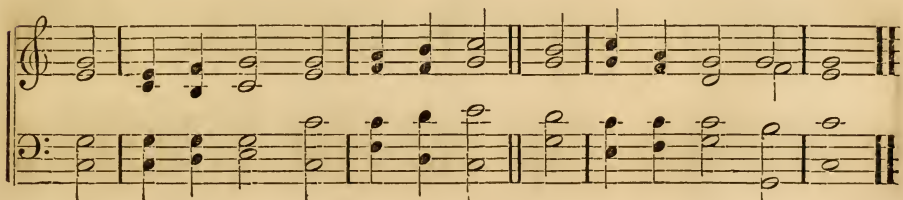
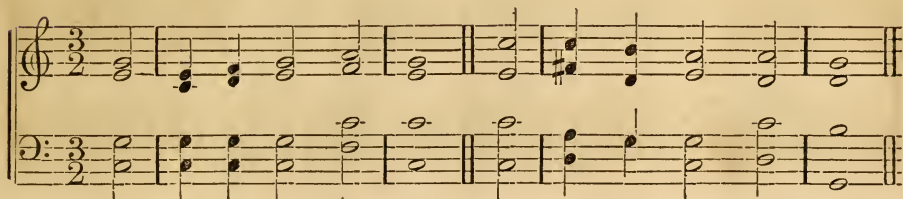
69.

"He leadeth me."

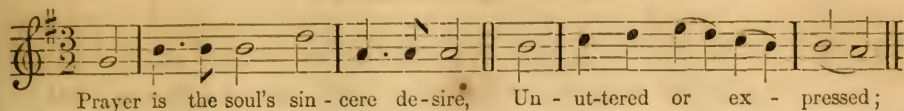
God, who is just and kind,
 Will those who err instruct,
 And to the paths of righteousness
 Their wandering steps conduct.

Give me the tender heart
 That mingles awe with love,
 And lead me through whatever path
 Thy wisdom shall approve.

Oh! ever keep my soul
 From error, shame, and guilt;
 Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
 Which on my youth is built.



WOODSTOCK. C. M.



72.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays."

73.

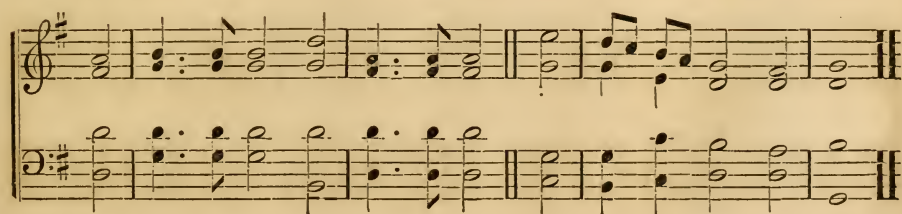
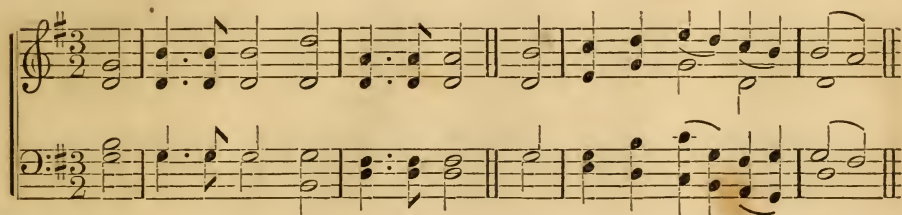
Evening Meditation.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

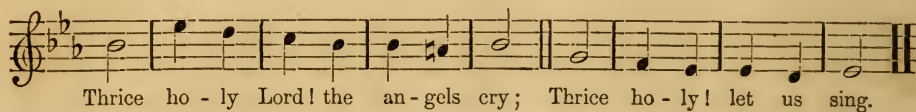
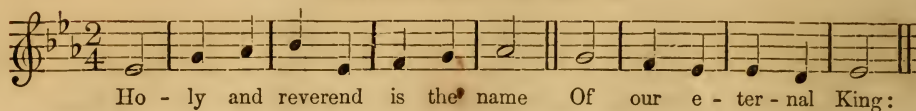
I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's busy day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.



DUNDEE. C. M.



74.

"Hallowed be Thy Name."

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O, my soul, to God;
Lift with thy voice a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A reverent heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From stain of evil free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they their God shall see.

75.

God heareth Prayer.

WILL God, who made the earth and sea,
The night, and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray?

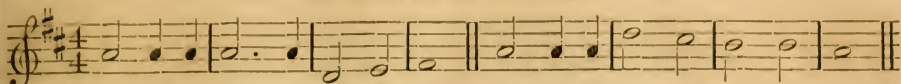
Yes, in our holy books we read
Of his unfailling love;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

To those who seek him he is near;
He looks upon the heart;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

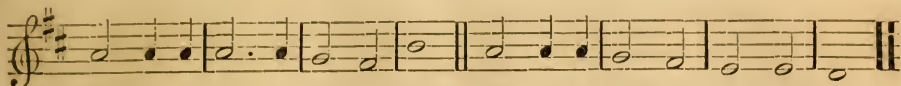
He knows our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer;
Where'er the child to seek him goes,
He finds his Father there.



APPLETON. L. M.



God is so good that he will hear, When - ev - er chil - dren hum - bly pray ;



He always lends a gracious ear To what the youngest child can say.

76.

God heareth Prayer.

God is so good that he will hear,
Whenever children humbly pray ;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy word declares,
That, as a tender father will,
He listens to our lowly prayers,
And what we need will grant us still.

He loves to hear a youthful tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given ;
And when on earth his praise is sung
By children's lips, 't is heard in heaven.

77.

The Lord's Prayer.

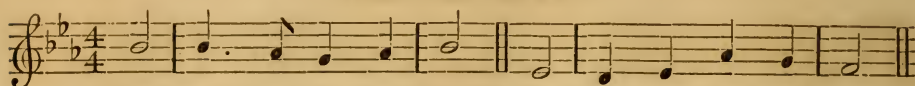
FATHER, adored in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love ;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

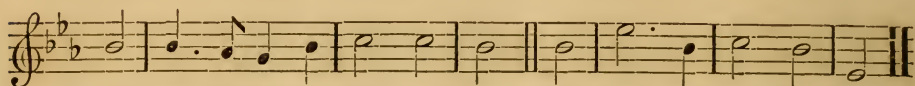
Evils beset us every hour ;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.



OLNEY. S. M.



Our heaven - ly Fa - ther, hear The prayer we of - fer now :—



Thy name be hallowed far and near, To thee all na - tions bow.

78.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :—
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power,
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

79.

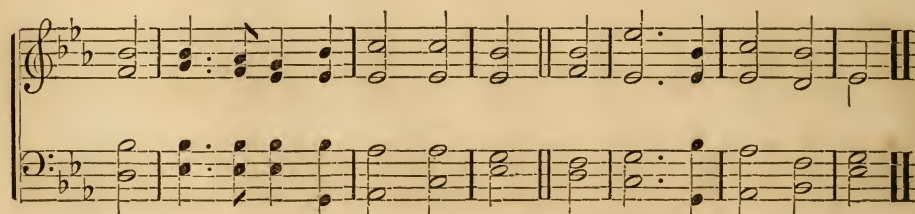
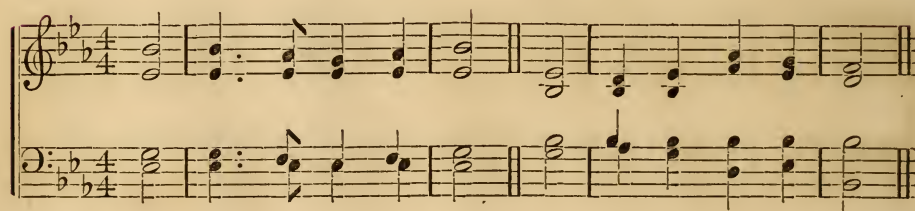
Call of the Spirit.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is ever whispering, "Come!"
The bride, the church of God, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

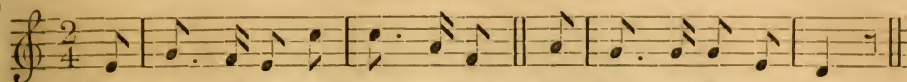
Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To God, the fountain, come!

Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
The Spirit bids him come.

The Spirit, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come :
Lord, even so ! we wait thine hour ;
O, heavenly Spirit, come !



PRAYER. C. M.



How sweet to be al - lowed to pray To God, the Ho - ly One,



With fil - ial love and trust to say, O God, thy will be done!

80.

The Prayer of Trust.

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

Oh, let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

Oh, teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

81.

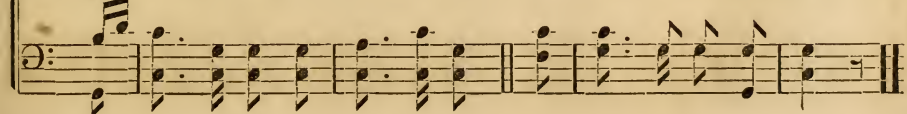
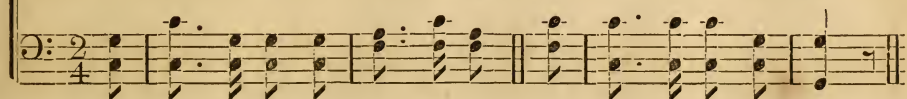
Silent Prayer.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

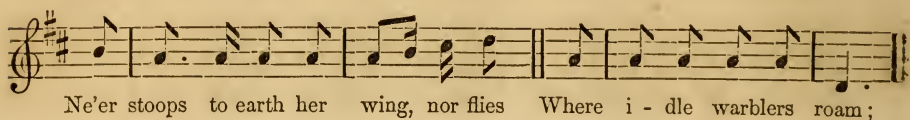
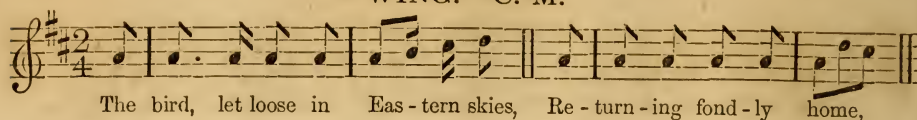
Faith grasps the blessings she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

But no less sweet the still, small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.



WING. C. M.



82.

"Oh, that I had wings."

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To urge my course to thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

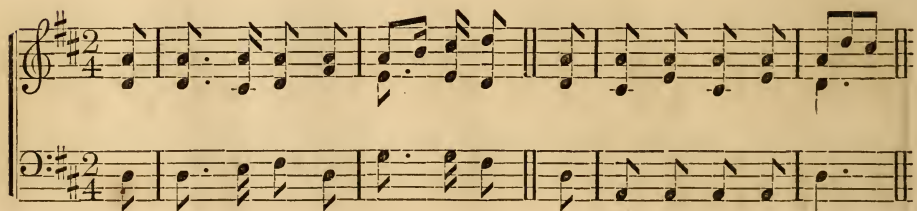
83.

"They shall mount as with wings."

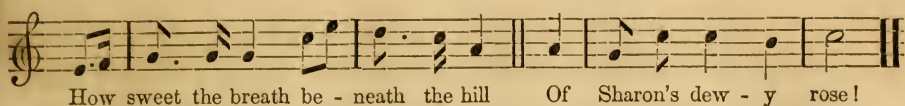
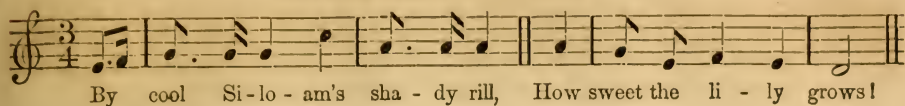
BE thou, O God, by night, by day,
My guard, my guide from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within.

Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.



ACUSHNET. C. M.



84.

Early Piety.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

85.

Prayer for Wisdom.

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

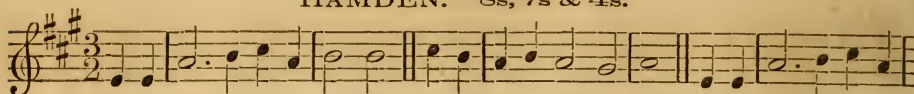
We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

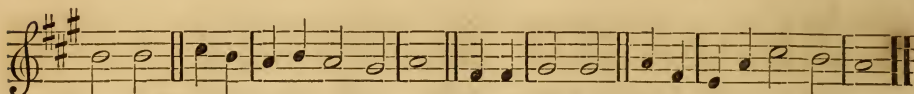
The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!



HAMDEN. 8s, 7s & 4s.



God has said, "For ev-er blessed Those who seek me in their youth; They shall find the path of



wis-dom, And the narrow way of truth:" Guide us, Father, In the narrow way of truth.

86.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

God has said—"For ever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth—
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Father,
In the narrow way of truth.

Be our strength, when we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Father's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

Then, when evening shades shall gather,
Shall our faithful footsteps come
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our blessed spirit-home:
Gently passing
To the happy spirit-home.

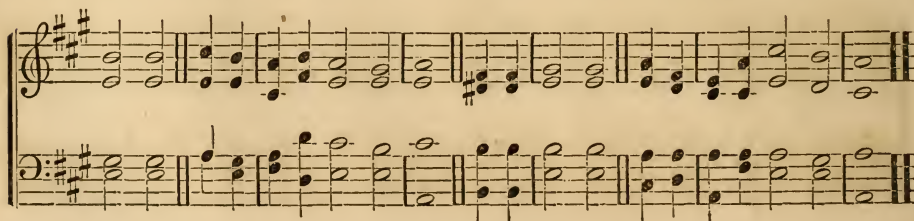
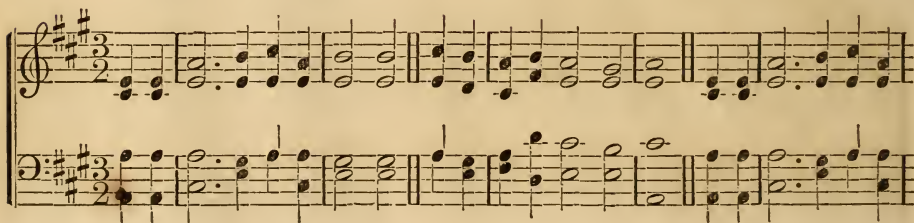
87.

The Heavenly Guide.

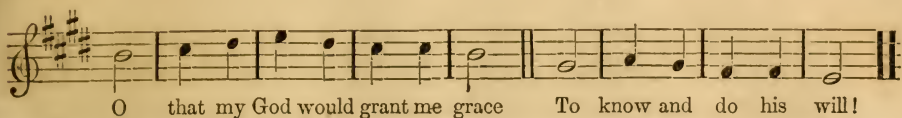
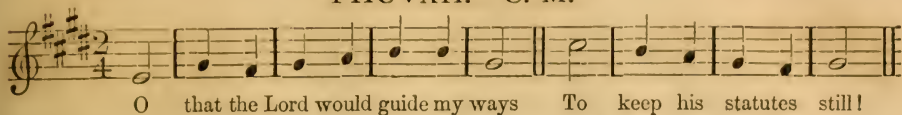
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this earthly land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
In the barren wilderness;
Teach my lips to sing hosanna
To the Lord of righteousness:
Lord, hosanna!
Thee thy grateful children bless.



PHUVAH. C. M.



88.

"Teach me thy statutes."

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

89.

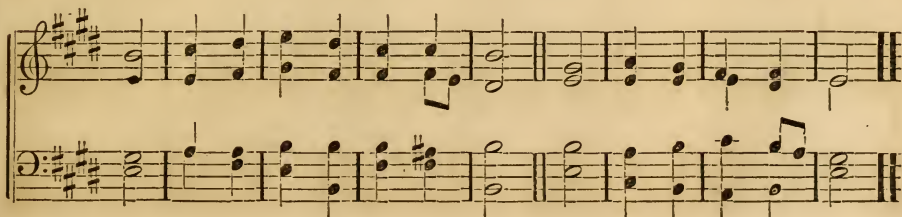
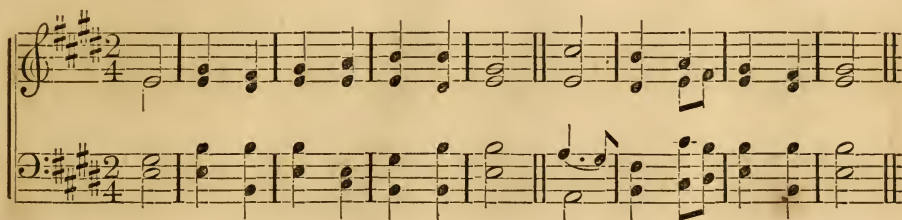
Consecration.

WHEN we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

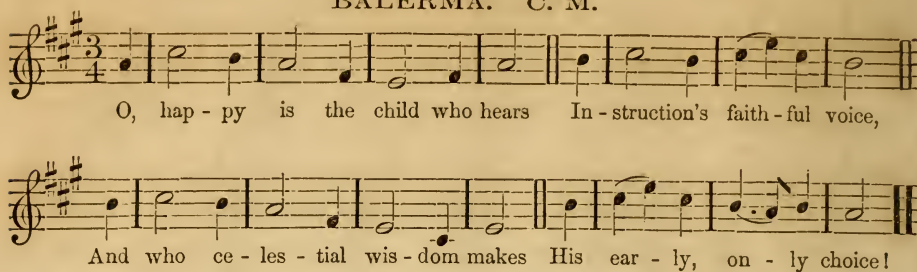
'T is easier work, if we begin
'T obey the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
It will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign:
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.



BALERMA. C. M.



90.

The Instruction of Wisdom.

Oh, happy is the child who hears
Instruction's faithful voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasures' path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

91.

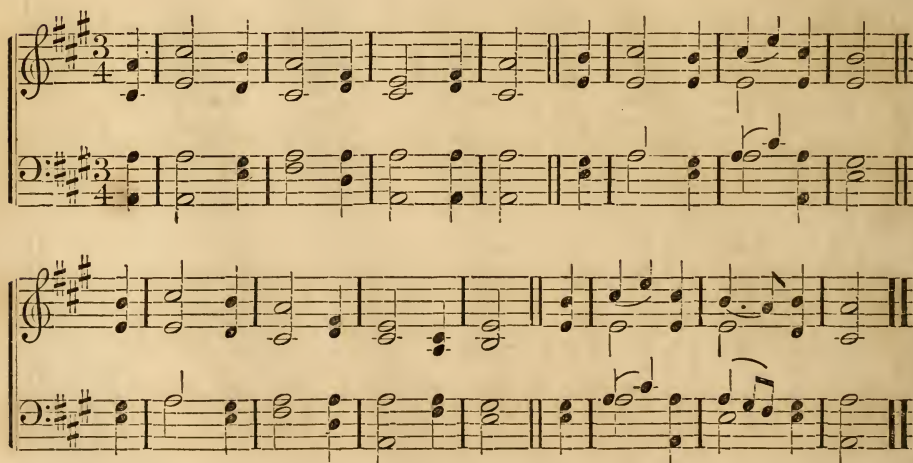
The lasting Treasure.

I LOVED a song-bird of the spring,
I loved its warbling lay;
But, ah! my singer spread his wing,
And rose, and soared away.

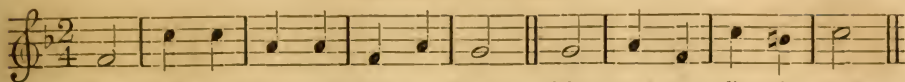
I loved a butterfly so fair,
With wings all golden bright;
Among the tulips rich and rare
It wandered from my sight.

I loved a rose, I loved it best
Of all I yet had found;
But when the sun had reached the west,
Its bright leaves strewed the ground.

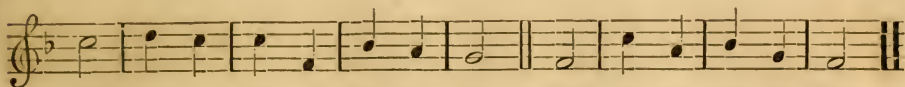
What can I love that takes not flight,
Nor fades with breeze or blast?
Oh, love the truth! the truth both bright
And beautiful will last.



MEAR. C. M.



Now that my journey's just be - gun, My road so lit - tle trod,



I'll come be - fore I far - ther run, And give my - self to God.

92.

The Paths of Peace.

Now that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come before I farther run,
And give myself to God.

And lest I should be ever led
In sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In virtue's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell,
But, if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

Father, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I need ask no more.

93.

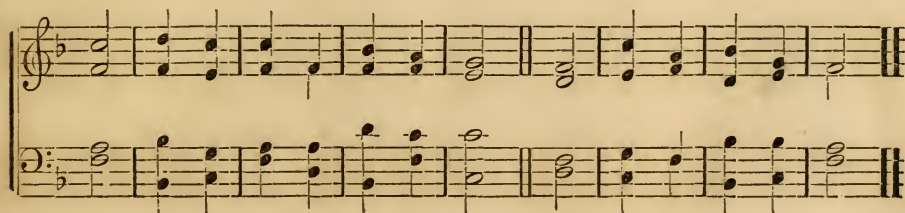
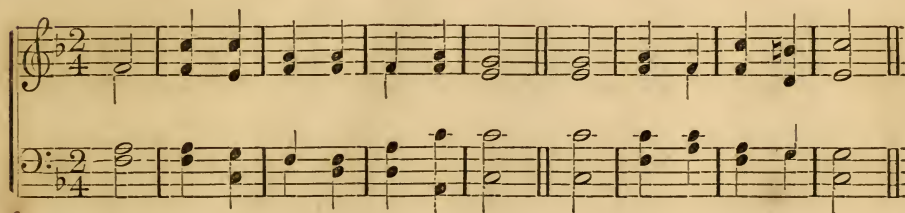
The little Pilgrim.

How may a little pilgrim dare
Life's dangerous path to tread,
Since on the way is many a snare
For youthful travelers spread?

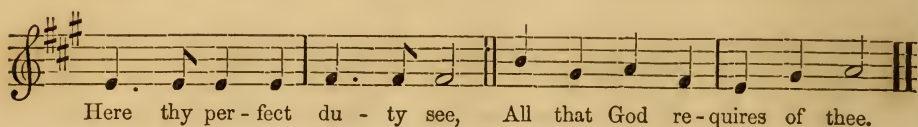
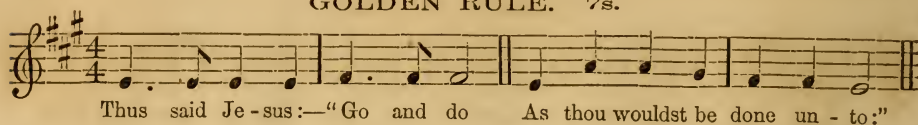
And that broad road where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But lest my youthful steps should slip,
Or wander from the way,
O Father, God, be thou my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarms,
And trust the word of old—
"The lambs he'll gather in his arms,
And lead them to the fold."



GOLDEN RULE. 7s.



94.

The Golden Rule.

Thus said Jesus:—"Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto:"
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.

Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.

95.

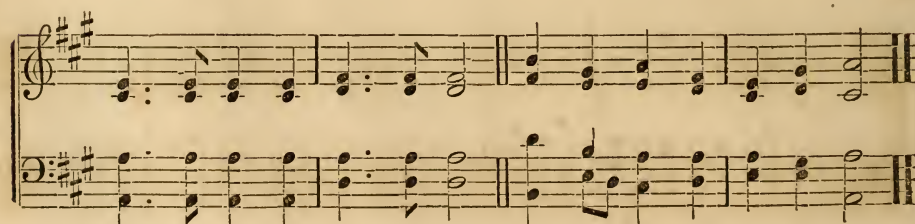
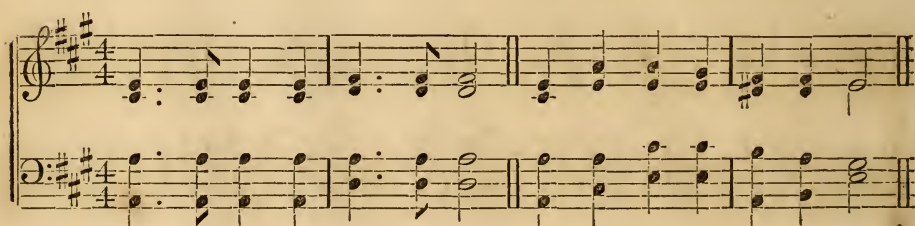
Conscience.

When a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us it is sin,
And entreats us to beware.

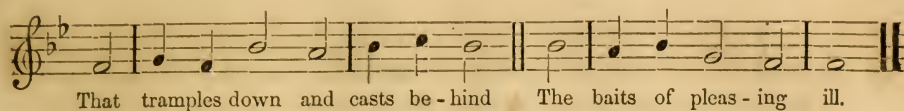
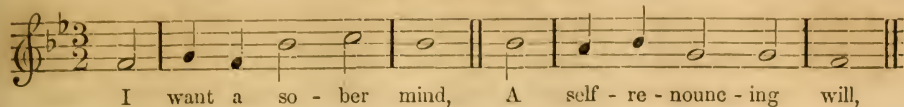
If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your fault confess,
Do not dare to tell a lie."

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries,
"And command your temper still."

Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With expostulating voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.



OLMUTZ. S. M.



96.

What I want.

I WANT a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

97.

A good Conscience.

My conscience be my crown,
Contented thoughts, my rest ;
My heart be happy in itself,
My bliss be in my breast.

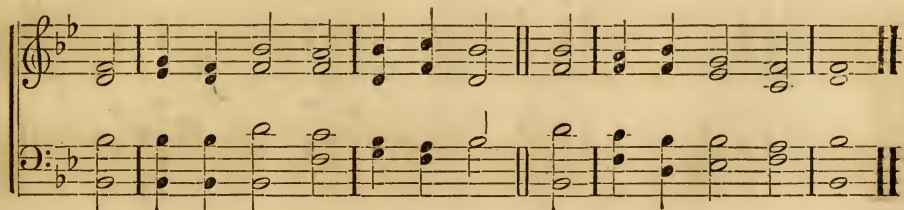
Not caring much for gold,
Well-doing be my wealth ;
My mind to me an empire be,
And God afford me health.

98.

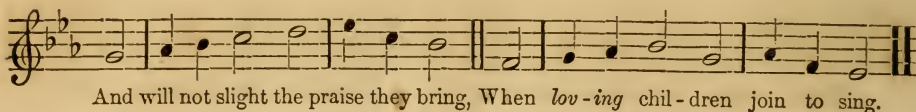
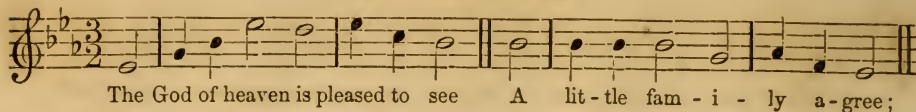
The Pure in Heart.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
God doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.



WELLS. L. M.



99.

Brotherly Love.

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When *loving* children join to sing.

The gentle child, that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word,—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

Great God! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

100.

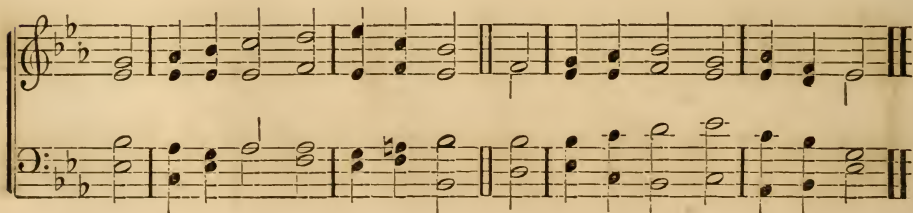
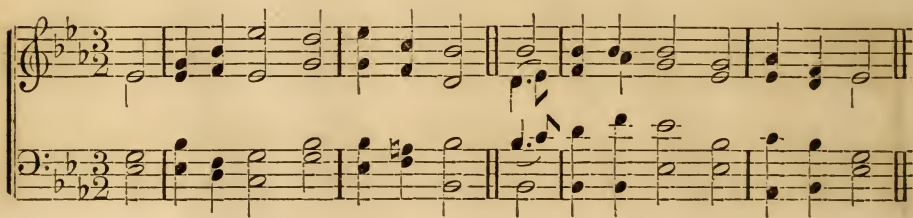
Holiness.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And there subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

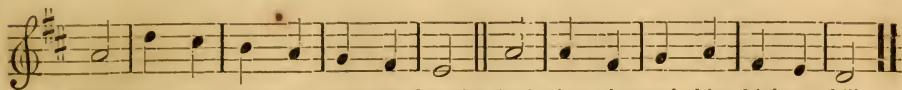
Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The coming of thy kingdom, Lord,
And faith stands leaning on thy word.



LOTHA. L. M.



How hap-py is he born or taught, Who serveth not an-other's will;



Whose ar-mor is his hon-est thought, And sim-ple truth his highest skill.

101.

Independence.

How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

102.

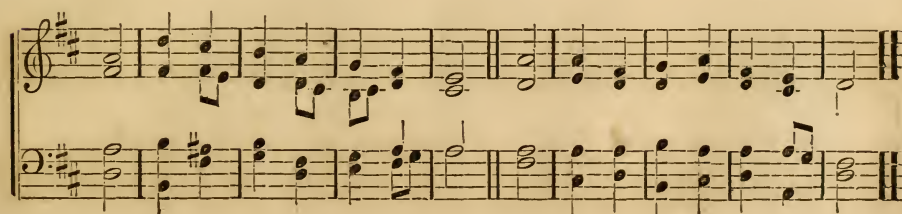
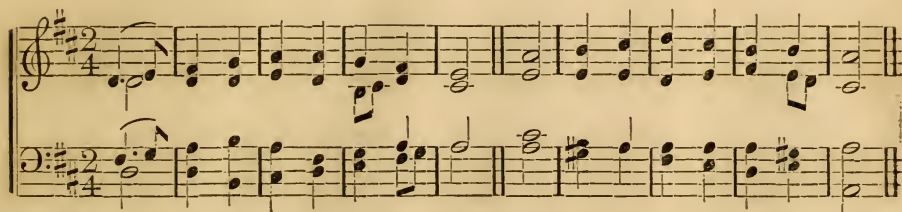
The Resolve.

ALAS for him who lives in vain,
Slave to the world, and slave to sin!
A nobler toil I will sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

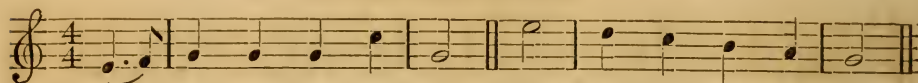
I will resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

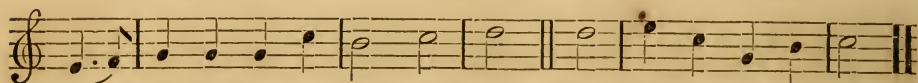
Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.



LABAN. S. M.



Come, ho - ly chil - dren, rise, And put your ar - mor on!



Strong in the strength which God sup - plies To each o - be - dient son.

103.

The whole armor of God.

COME, holy children, rise,
And put your armor on!
Strong in the strength which God supplies
To each obedient son.

And, above all, lay hold
Of faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Ye cannot lose the field.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And consecrate the whole.

That, having all things done,
And conquered in the strife,
To nobler service ye pass on,
And an undying life!

104.

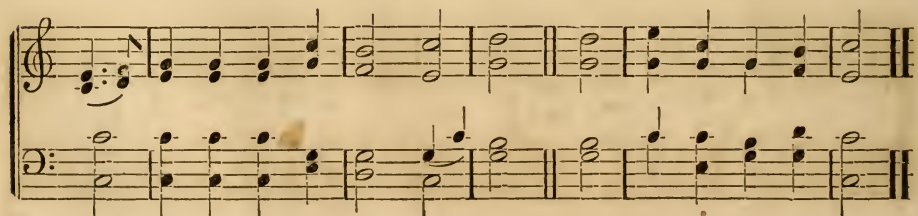
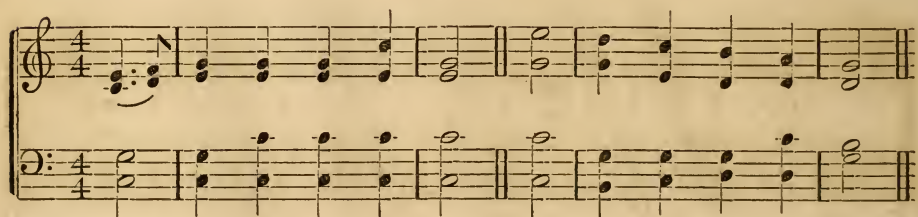
The Vow.

GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength for ever art,—
We come to do thy will!

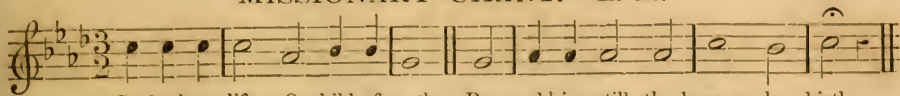
Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed
Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt, and shame, and fear,
In human hearts to strive;
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live:

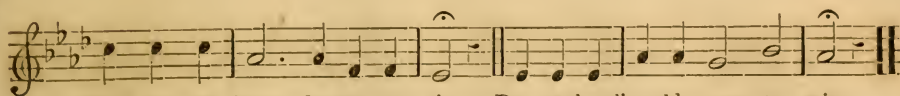
To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
The spirit's Godlikeness.



MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



Go forth to life, O child of earth, Rememb'ring still thy heaven-ly birth;



Thou art not here for ease, or sin, But manhood's noble crown to win.

105.

Life's Mission.

Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Rememb'ring still thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

106.

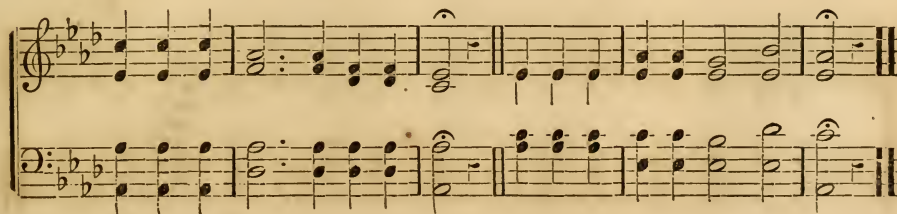
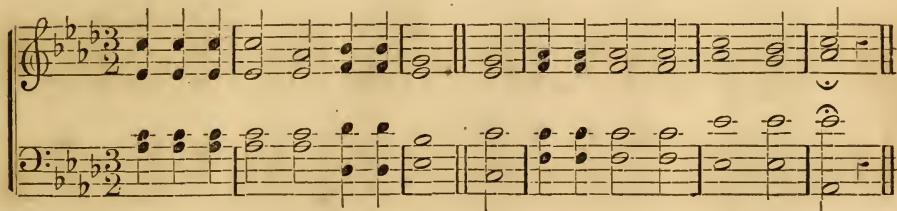
Manly Virtue.

SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below.

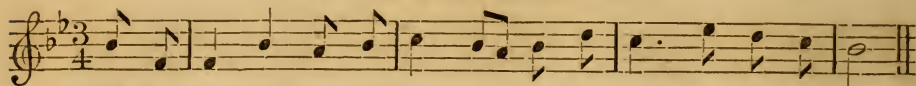
Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing Spirit came.

Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
Of this world's varying good or ill.

May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim,
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.



STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



Tell me not, in mournful num - bers, Life is but an emp - ty dream ;



For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

107.

Psalms of Life.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant ;
Let the dead past bury its dead ;
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

108.

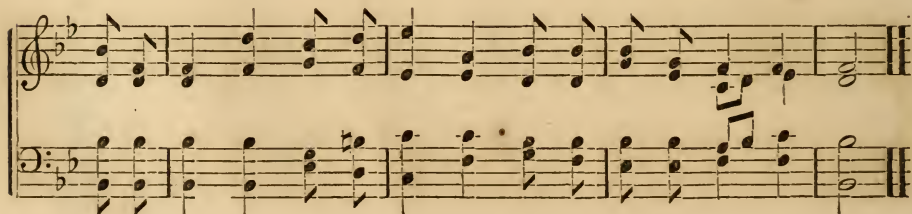
Life's Work.

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

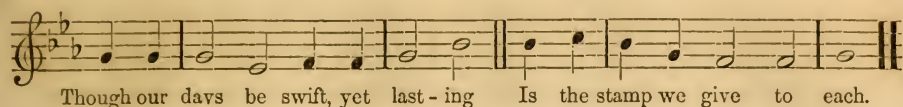
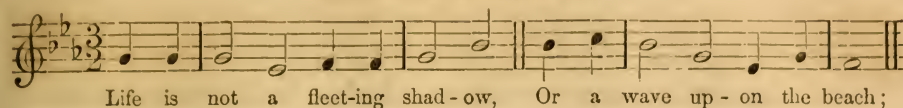
Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.



CHESTER. 8s & 7s.



109.

Life's Work.

LIFE is not a fleeting shadow,
Or a wave upon the beach;
Though our days be swift, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.

Life is ours for faithful labor,
Of the hand, or of the thought;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living meaning fraught.

Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or service
Mark it as a holy day.

Work! our Father worketh ever!
He who works not cannot play:
Work for use, or work for beauty,
So sweet rest shall crown each day.

110.

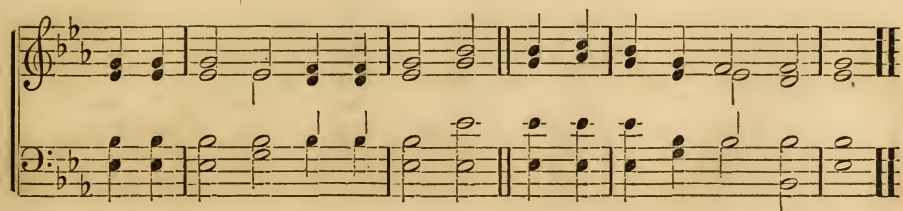
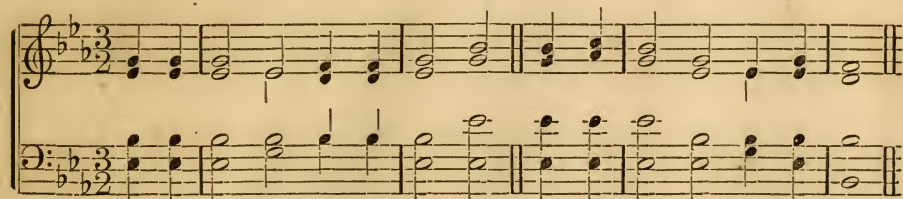
The Prayer of Life.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be,
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

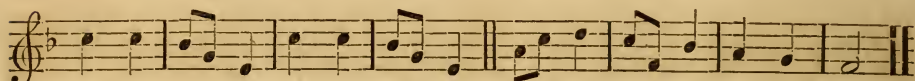
Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!



REUBENS. 8s & 7s.



Day is breaking; earth is wak-ing; Darkness from the hills is gone;



Pale with ter - or, an-cient Er - ror Trembles on her crumbling throne.

111.

The Work of God.

DAY is breaking; earth is waking;
Darkness from the hills is gone;
Pale with terror, ancient Error
Trembles on her crumbling throne.

Up to labor, friend and neighbor!
Hope, and work with all thy might;
Heaven is near thee, God doth hear thee,
He will ever bless the right.

Day is breaking, earth is waking;
Fellow-worker, lend thine ear;
Hear'st thou not the angels speaking
Words of love and words of cheer?

Then to labor, friend and neighbor;
Cheerfully put forth thy might;
Never fear thee, God is near thee,
He doth ever bless the right.

112.

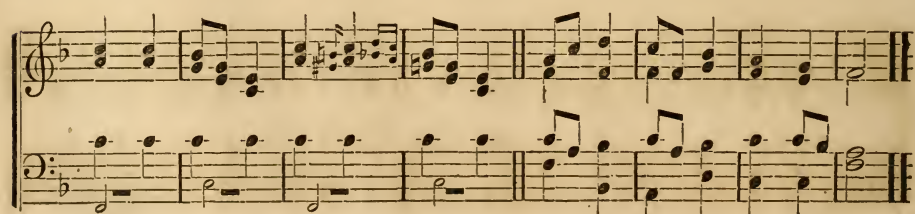
The good Fight of Faith.

WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and earnest time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Hark the onset, will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, Oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Angels looking on the sight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the Right!

On! let all the soul within you
For the Truth's sake, go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!



GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.



Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right! In a noble cause contending, God speed the right!



Be our zeal in heav'n recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right! God speed the right!

113.

God speed the Right.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right!

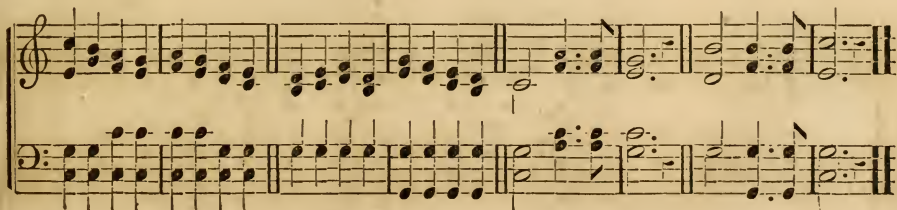
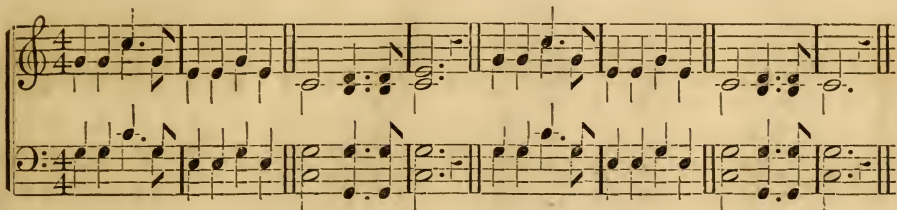
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!

Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right!

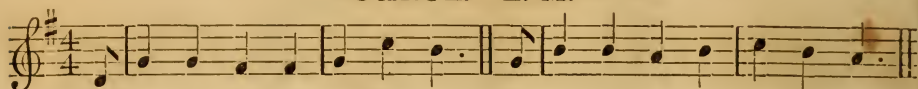
Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
God speed the right!

Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Never loss nor danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

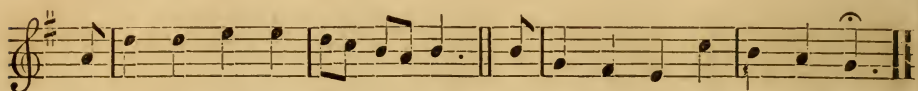
Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!



CAROL. L. M.



From heaven a - bove, to earth I come, To bear good news to ev - ery home ;



Glad tidings of great joy I bring, Whereof I now will say and sing :

114.

Christmas Carol.

WRITTEN BY LUTHER FOR HIS LITTLE SON.

FROM heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing :

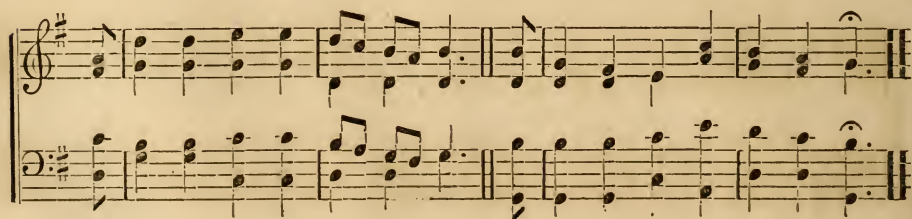
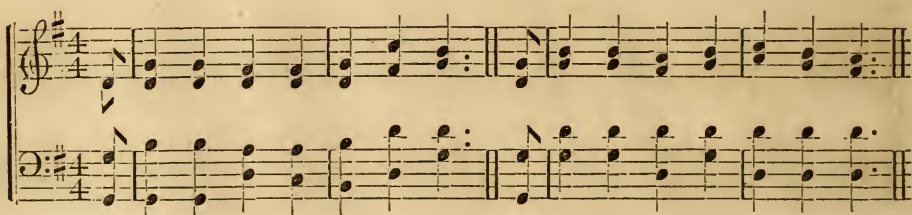
To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild ;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes !
Who is it in yon manger lies ?
Who is this child so young and fair ?—
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

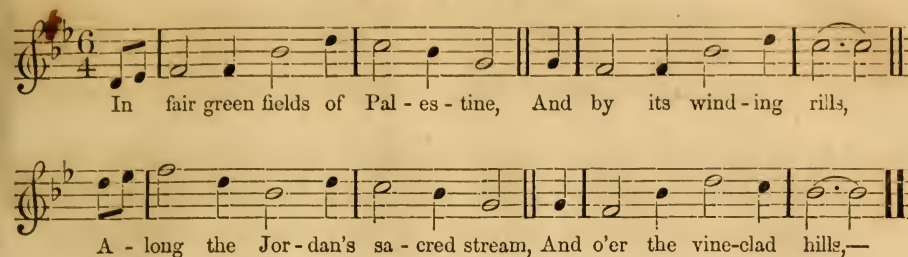
Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep ;
I too must sing, with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle-song :—

Glory to God in highest heaven,
And unto man sweet peace be given !
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New-Year to all the earth.



CROWN. C. M.



115.

Childhood of Jesus.

In fair green fields of Palestine,
And by its winding rills,
Along the Jordan's sacred stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth;
The holiest, the happiest,
And yet of humblest birth.

How beautiful his childhood was,
How fair and undefiled!
Oh, dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child!

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

116.

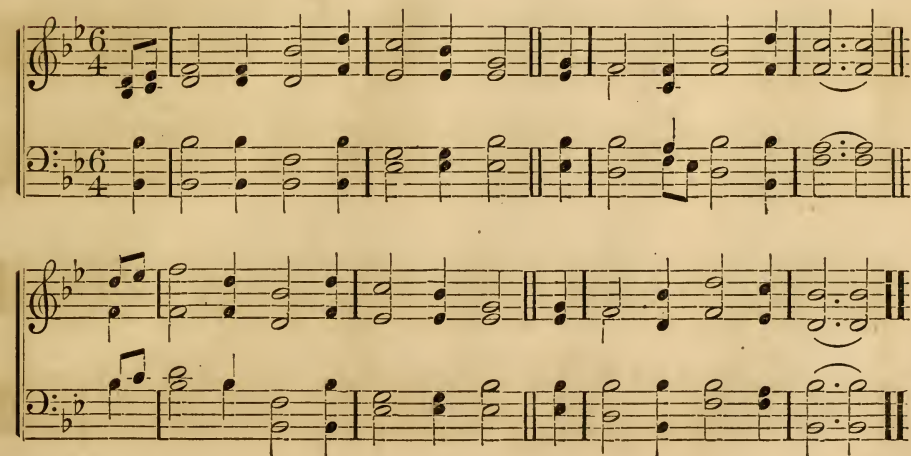
Manhood of Jesus.

THE child of Nazareth grew up
A noble, holy youth;
Grew up, to suffer and to die,
A sacrifice for Truth.

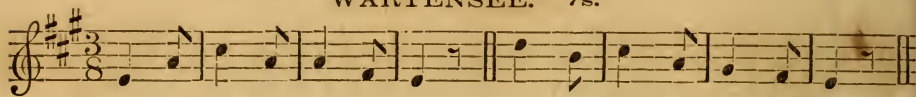
He put all thought of praise away,
Content with low estate,
To live a life of toil and pain,
And meet a martyr's fate.

[babes
One day when mothers brought their
To be by Jesus blessed,
He clasped them in his loving arms,
And held them to his breast.

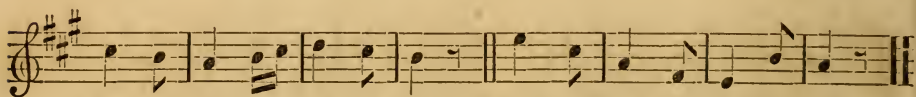
And as we read his story now,
Our grateful bosoms swell,
With warm and reverent love to him
Who loved the children well.



WARTENSEE. 7s.



Blessings on thee, gracious Lord! Ev - ery child shall bless thy name,



For each gen - tle look or word, When to thee the children came.

117.

Jesus blessing the Children.

BLESSINGS on thee, gracious Lord!
Every child shall bless thy name,
For each gentle look or word,
When to thee the children came.

Happy child, upon whose head,
As he sat upon thy knee,
Thy kind hand was softly laid,
Blessing him,—how tenderly!

Hark! that voice is raised in prayer,
Which could still the maniac wild;
Lo! that mighty hand is there,
Laid in blessing on a child.

Blessings on thee, gracious Lord!
Every child shall bless thy name,
For each gentle look and word,
When to thee the children came.

118.

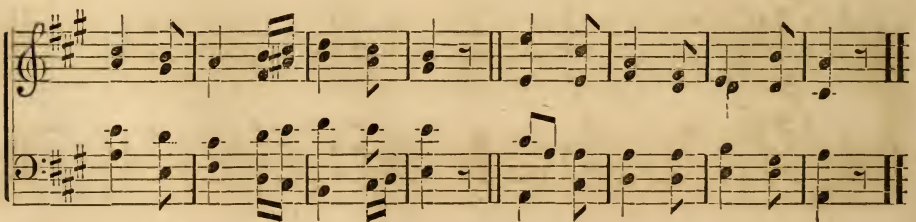
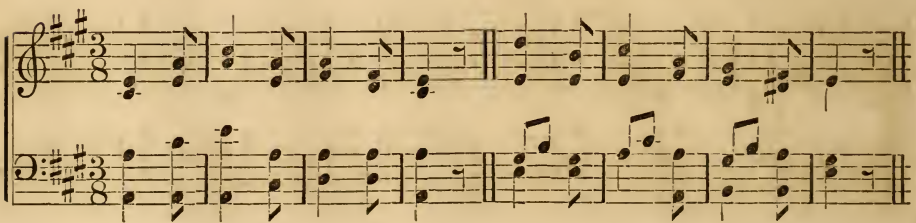
"Come unto Me."

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

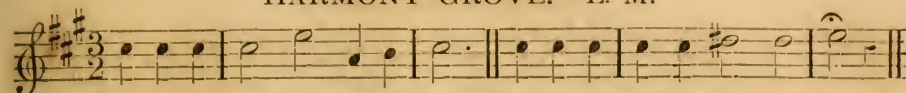
Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

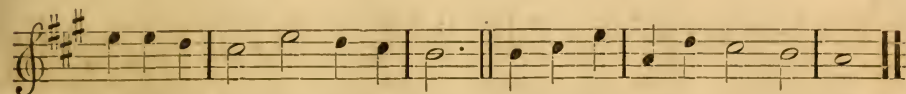
Sufferer! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.



HARMONY GROVE. L. M.



How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace,



When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence filled the place.

119.

Jesus, teaching the People.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!'
Yes! sacred teacher,—we will come—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

120.

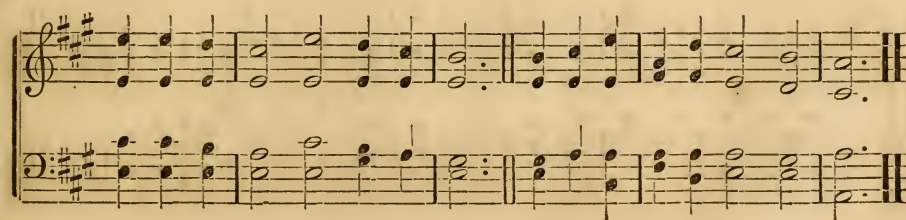
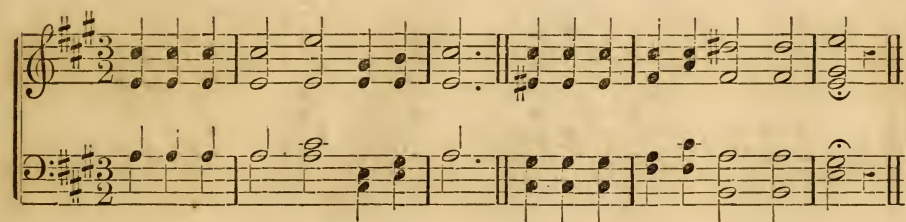
The Divine Example.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

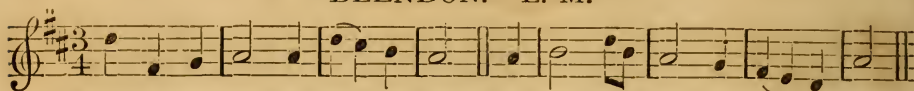
Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

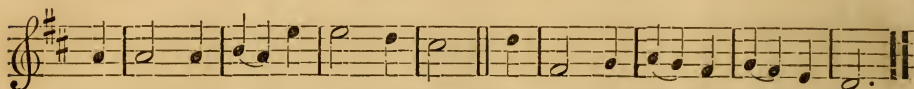
O holy Jesus, may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
And tread the paths which thou hast trod,
Of love to man, and love to God.



BLENDON. L. M.



When long the soul had slept in chains, And man to man was stern and cold;



When love and worship were but strains, That swept the gift-ed chords of old;

121.

Footsteps of Jesus.

WHEN long the soul had slept in chains,
And man to man was stern and cold;
When love and worship were but strains,
That swept the gifted chords of old;

By shady mount and peaceful lake,
A meek and lowly stranger came;
The weary drank the words he spake,
The poor and feeble blest his name.

He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,
He raised the contrite sinner's head;
And on the loved ones' lowly rest
The light of better life he shed.

Father, the spirit Jesus knew,
We humbly ask of thee to share,
That we may be disciples, too,
Of him whose way was love and prayer.

122.

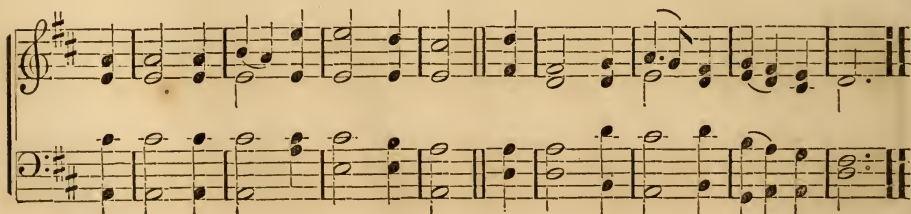
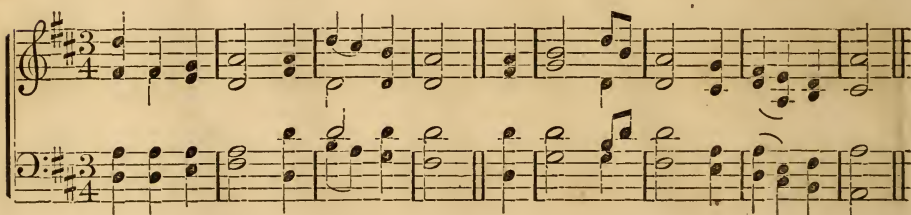
He reviled not again.

WHEN in our hearts rise angry thoughts,
And on our tongues are words unkind,
With what strong chains, by what blest art,
Shall we our raging passions bind?

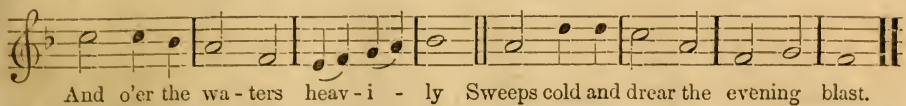
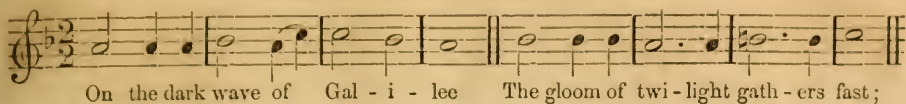
O brave and peaceful Jesus! then
To thee, to thee our souls shall turn;
We will look up from earthly men;
To be like thee our souls shall learn.

Remembering thee, thou gentle one,
How nobly thou didst bear all wrong;
The sin of anger we shall shun,
Nor find our temper stubborn long.

A holy spell thy name shall be,
The memory of thy peaceful life;
And we will straightway think of thee,
Whene'er our souls would rise in strife.



FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



123.

Through his Poverty made rich.

On the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
And o'er the waters heavily
Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not the pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest;—
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save, the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

124.

"Let this Cup pass from me."

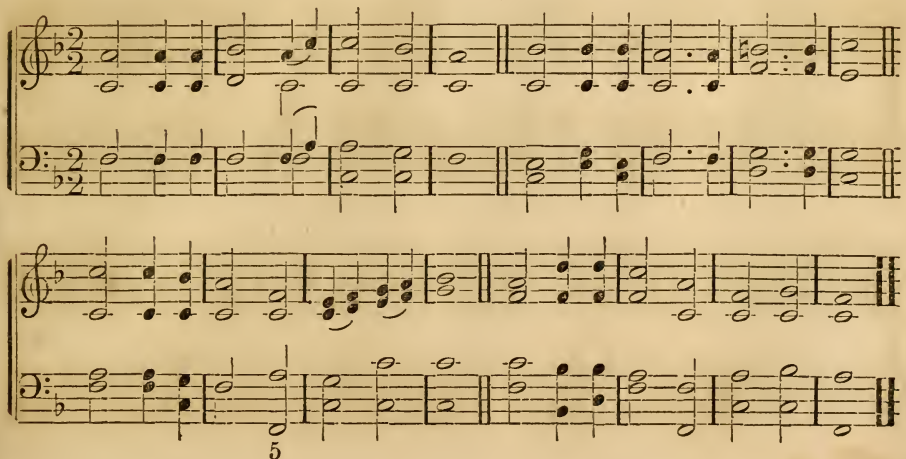
A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"

Ah, thou who sorrow'st unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away!"

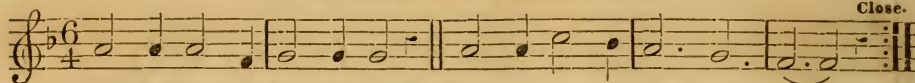
O Man of sorrows, bravely die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy peace shall still the mourner's sigh;
Thy strength uplift the faint and low.

Great chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the soul how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is thine own.

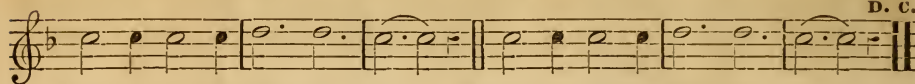


MARTYN. 7s. Double.



Close.

{ In the Saviour's hour of death, Bound up - on the cross of fear, }
 { While his quick and struggling breath Spoke the fa - tal mo - ment near, }
 Then his lov - ing spi - rit rose More sublime than e'er be - fore.



D. C.

While his proud, tri-umph-ant foes, Mocked the sufferings that he bore,

125.

"Father, forgive them."

IN the Saviour's hour of death,
 Bound upon the cross of fear,
 While his quick and struggling breath
 Spoke the fatal moment near,
 While his proud, triumphant foes
 Mocked the sufferings that he bore,
 Then his loving spirit rose
 More sublime than e'er before.

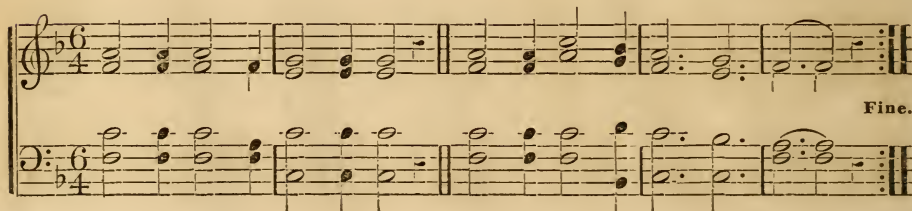
He has taught us to forgive,
 By his words in days gone by;
 He has taught us how to live;
 Can he teach us how to die?
 Listen! as the cross they raise,
 One brief prayer ascends to heaven;
 For his murderers he prays,—
 "Father, may they be forgiven!"

126.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

MARY sat at Jesus' feet;
 Sat enwrapt in holy thought;
 Listening to his accents sweet,
 Eagerly each word she caught.
 How those accents calmed her heart,
 Falling from the lips she loved!—
 Thus she chose the better part,
 Thus the "one thing needful" proved.

"Raiment do ye need and food,
 This your heavenly Father knows;
 But there is a higher good,
 Righteousness which he bestows."
 Sitting as at Jesus' feet
 May those words sink in our heart;
 While we hear the accents sweet,
 May we choose the better part.



Fine.



D. C.

PARKER. 108.



O thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once appeared in humblest guise below,



Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain, And call thy brethren forth from want and woe;

127.

Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and
woe;

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light,
Which guides the nations, groping on their
way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know;—Light, Life, and Way of
heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast
given.

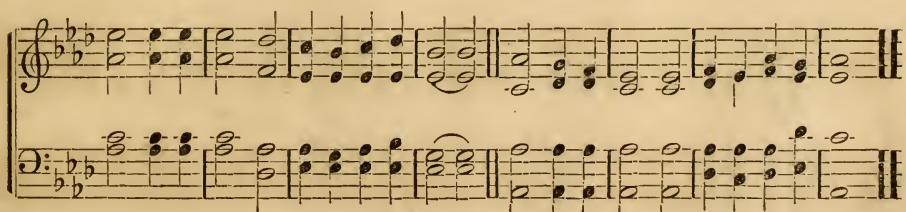
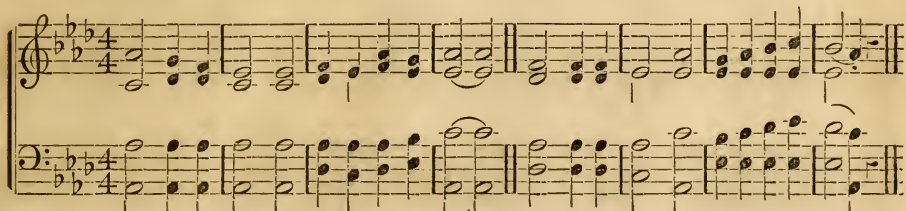
128.

Walking in His steps.

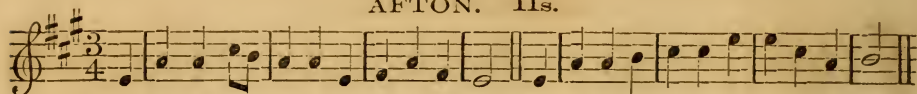
O, HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!
That holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy
brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is
there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

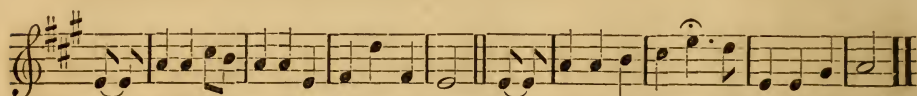
Follow, with reverent steps, the great exam-
ple
Of him whose holy work was doing good:
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's
temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.



AFTON. 11s.



Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed in song, Where holiest memories, pilgrim-like, throng;



In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea, On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee!

129.

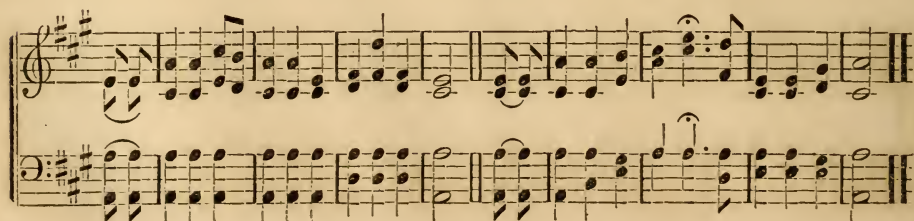
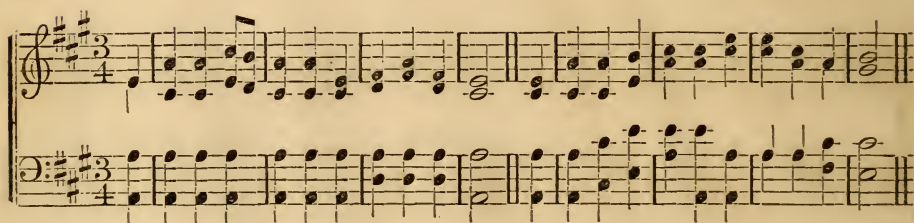
Palestine.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed in song,
Where holiest memories, pilgrim-like, throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee!

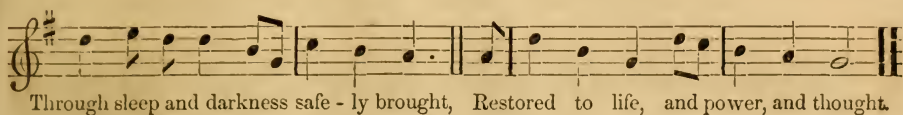
I look upon Nazareth's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Lo! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With mountains around it, and valleys between;
And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below.

Oh here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same,
The founts where he drank by the way-side still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow.



DEVEREAUX. L. M.



130.

Morning Hymn.

NEW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Do hover round us as we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourself ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Do thou, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

131.

Noon-day Hymn.

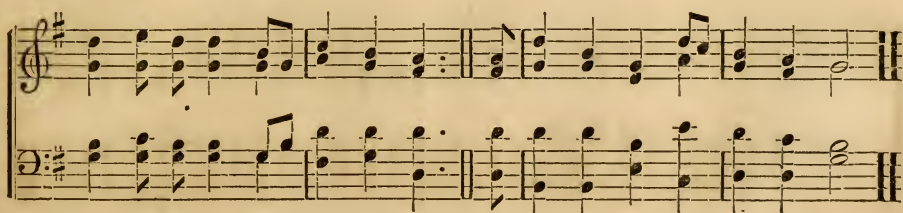
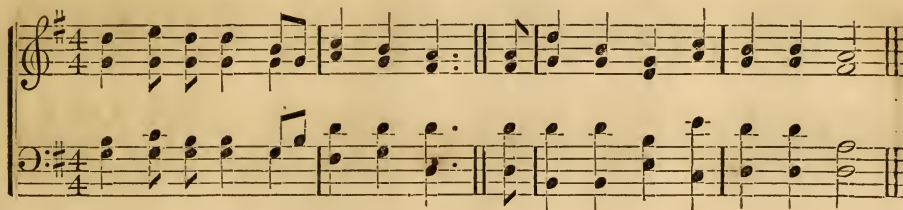
UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside,
From holy offerings at noon-tide ;
Then here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

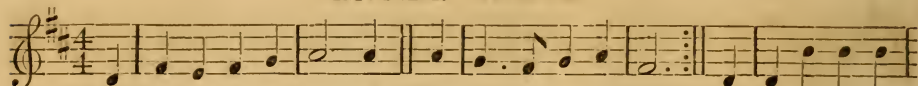
Look up to heaven ! the obedient sun
Already half his race has run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace, throughout life's day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.



ANGEL. 7s & 6s.



{ O come! the morning shin - eth, The sun is gleaming bright; }
 { The love which ne'er de-clin - eth, Has kept us thro' the night. } Come, with pure heart, and



sending All idle thoughts away, Before our Father bending, Let us in spirit pray.

132.

Morning Prayer.

Oh come! the morning shineth,
 The sun is gleaming bright;
 The love which ne'er declineth
 Has kept us through the night.
 Come with pure heart, and sending
 All idle thoughts away,
 Before our Father bending,
 Let us in spirit pray.

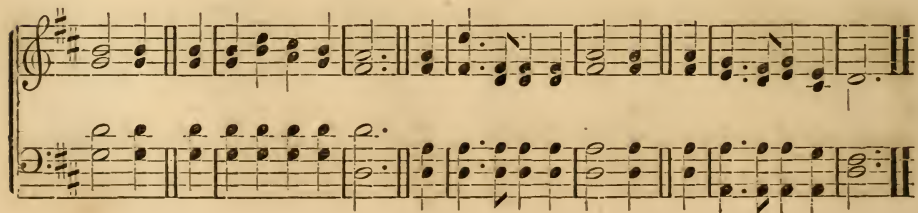
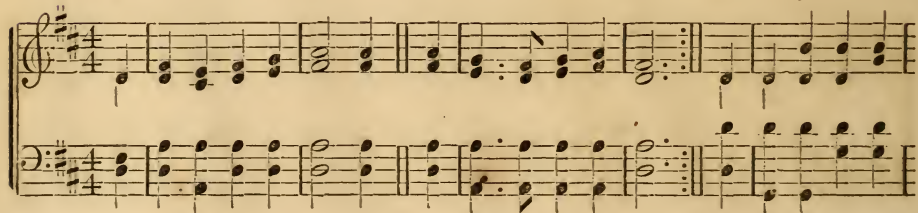
Rememb'ring those who love us,
 Those who by us are loved;
 Forgiving those who've wronged us,
 Have any unkind proved;
 Then shall the silent breathing
 The spirit lifts above
 Reach to our heavenly Father,
 And we shall feel his love.

133.

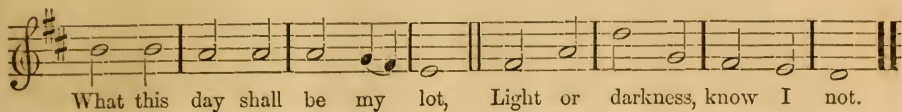
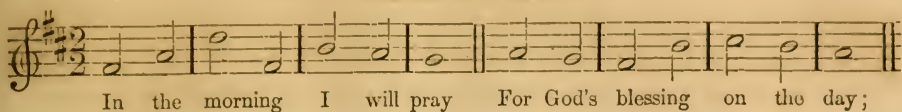
Morning School.

Now gathered here at morning,
 With spirits free from care,
 We would, all falsehood scorning,
 Our souls for Truth prepare.
 And, since God is a Spirit,
 Let us true spirits bring;
 His word—in spirit hear it,
 In spirit pray and sing.

As in the gladsome morning
 Each leaf is gemmed with dew,
 We'll seek the heart's adorning
 Of holy thoughts and true.
 A meek and quiet spirit
 Is precious in God's sight;
 Oh, let us, then, all wear it,
 A gem of purest light!



NIGHT. 7s.



134.

Morning.

In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, Oh shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears!
Every step thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend!

135.

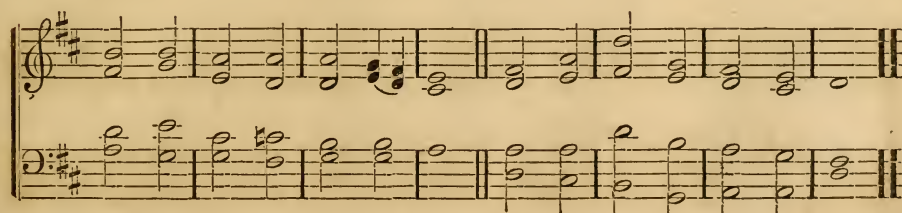
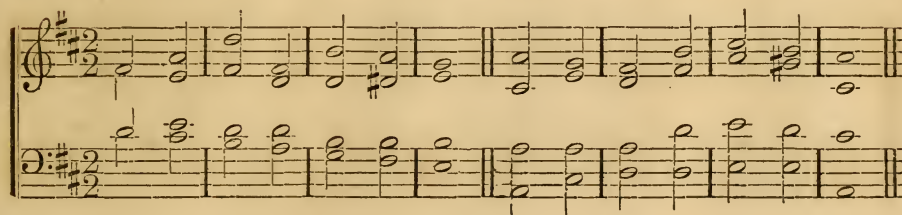
Night.

WHILE the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my thoughts to God shall rise.

From on high he shall impart
Secret comfort to my heart;
He in these serenest hours
Gives me of his heavenly powers.

He his spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews;
Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love.

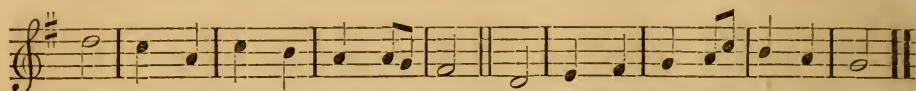
Father, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor, rest;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee!



EVENING HYMN. L. M.



Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath thine own Al-might-y wings.

136.

Evening Hymn.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, O thou holy One!
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Oh! may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

May guardian angels, while I sleep,
Around my bed their vigils keep;
Guard all the avenues of ill,
And love angelical instil.

137.

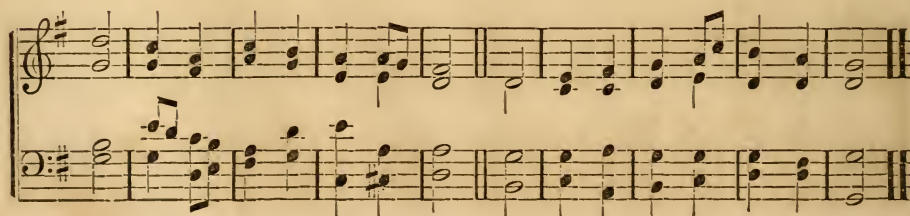
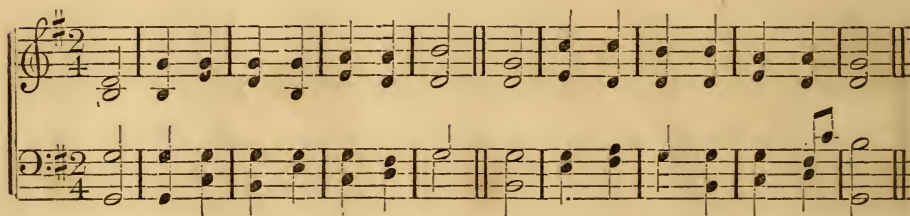
Another Day is gone.

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone!
Slow o'er the earth the shadows rise,
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And sunset glows along the skies.

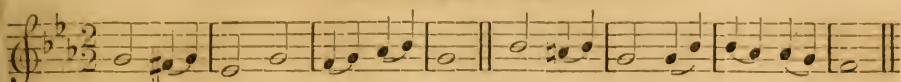
Another fleeting day is gone!
Swept from the records of the year;
And thus, with every setting sun,
Life, day by day, doth disappear.

Another fleeting day is gone!
And, since I saw its dawning skies,
Oh say what good thing have I done,
That may endure, though days must die?

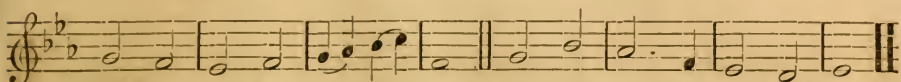
Another fleeting day is gone!
In rev'rent silence, pause, my soul,
And think of him, the holy One,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.



HOLLEY. 78



Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee!

138.

Twilight Hymn.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee!

Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away,
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

139.

"Our Prayers as Incense."

Now from many a flowret fair
On the dewy breath of even
Fragrance rises up like prayer,
Nature's incense unto heaven.

While in deepening darkness blend
Earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
Unto thee, our heavenly Friend,
Let our prayers as incense be!

140.

Evening Hymn.

FATHER, by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour,
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

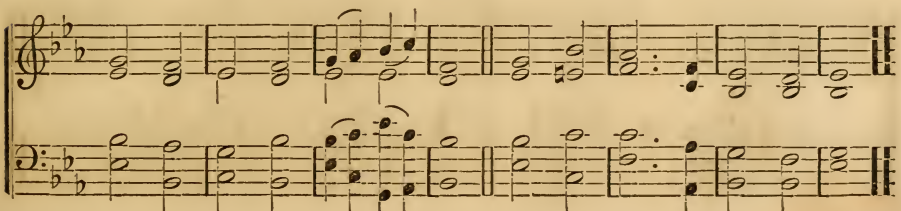
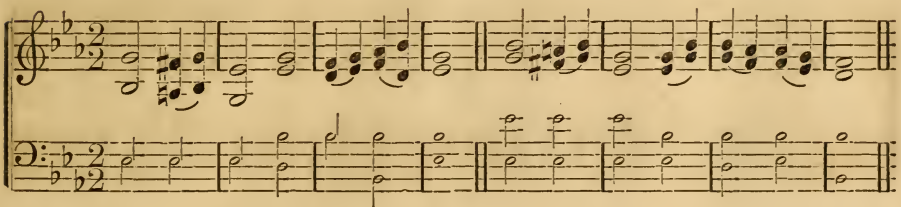
Thou whose gentle dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Guard our souls from every ill,
Give these restless hearts repose.

141.

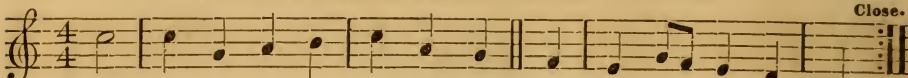
Part in Peace.

PART in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

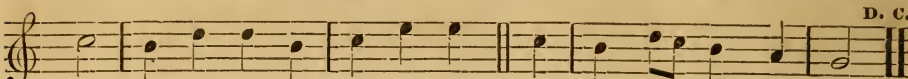
Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.



MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. Double.


Close.

{ When warmer suns, and blu - er skies, Pro - claim the opening year, }
 { What hap - py sounds of life a - rise, What love - ly scenes ap - pear! }
 And ev - ery blade of grass that springs, God's lov - ing law o - beys.


D. C.

Earth with her thousand voi - ces sings Her song of gladsome praise;

142.

Spring.

WHEN warmer suns, and bluer skies,
 Proclaim the opening year,
 What happy sounds of life arise,
 What lovely scenes appear!

Earth with her thousand voices sings
 Her song of gladsome praise;
 And every blade of grass that springs
 God's loving law obeys.

The wind-flower and the violet fair
 Reflect the morning sky;
 The birds make music in the air,
 The brook goes singing by.

Like this spring morning, sweet and clear,
 That greets our opening eyes,
 The spring of heaven's eternal year
 Shall bring new earth and skies.

143.

Summer.

How glad the tone, when summer's sun
 Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
 And trees bend down with golden fruit,
 And birds are in their bowers!

The moon sends silent music down
 Upon each earthly thing;
 And always since creation's dawn
 The stars together sing.

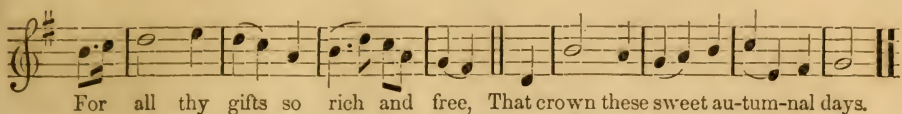
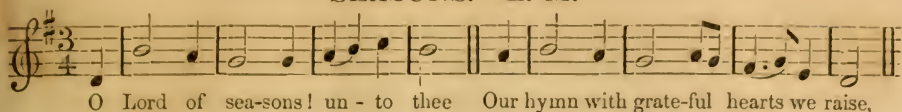
Shall man remain in silence, then,
 While all beneath the skies
 The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
 And while our voices raise,

Oh, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
 A constant melody;
 And every action be a tone
 In that sweet hymn to thee!


Fine.


D. C.

SEASONS. L. M.



144.

Autumn.

O LORD of seasons! unto thee
Our hymn with grateful hearts we raise,
For all thy gifts so rich and free,
That crown these sweet autumnal days.

By thy dear love the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower,
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower.

And Autumn brings her riches now;
Of ripening grain and bursting shell,
And golden sheaf and laden bough
The fulness of thy bounty tell.

Beneath blue skies, the fragrant breeze
O'er rustling, fallen leaves doth blow;
And purple, gold, and scarlet trees
The fulness of thy beauty show.

145.

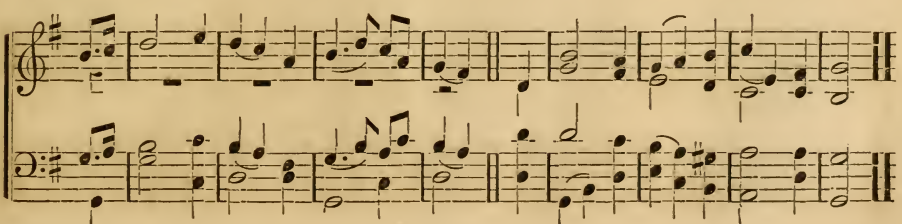
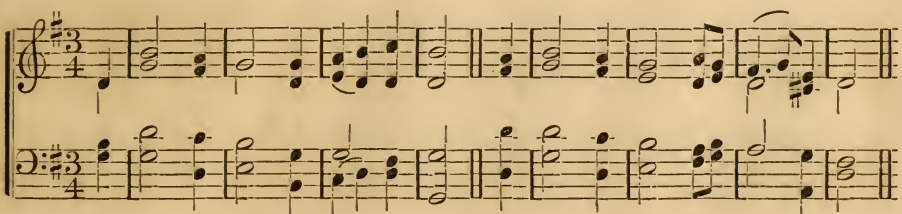
Winter.

'Tis Winter now; the gleaming snow
Has left the heavens all cold and clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

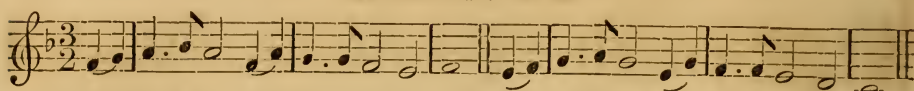
And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

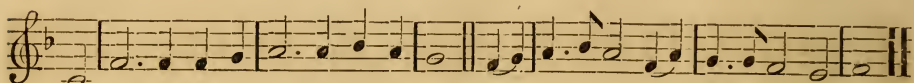
O God! who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summers joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us thro' life's wintry days!



MELTON. 10s.



God of the changing year, whose arm of power In safety leads through dangers's darkest hour,



Here, in thy temple, bow thy children down, To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

146.

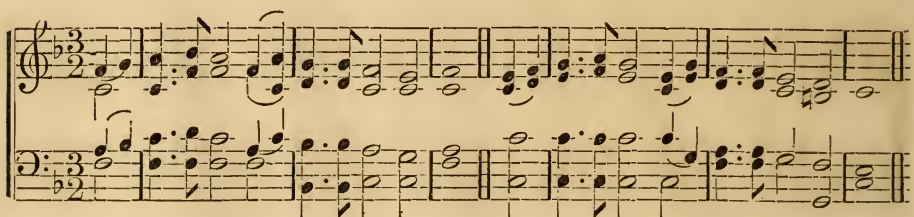
The changing Year.

God of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,—
Here, in thy temple, bow thy children down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness,—all are thine.

Yet when our hearts review departed days,
How great thy goodness! how remiss our praise!
The things we ought, how oft we've left undone,
Or grieved thy spirit, High and Holy One!

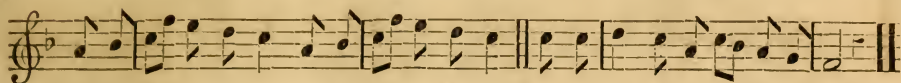
But, Father, now we lift our hymn to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine!



THE CHILD'S DESIRE. P. M.



I think when I read that sweet story of old, How when Jesus was here among men,



He once called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

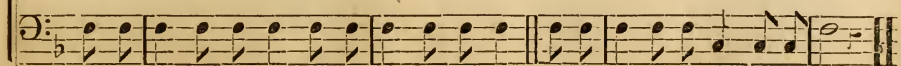
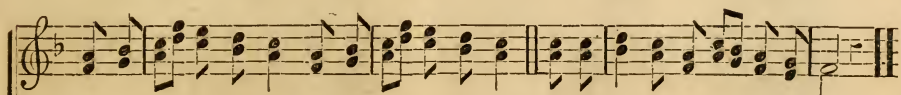
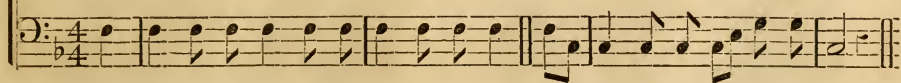
147.

Child's Desire.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
How when Jesus was here among men,
He once called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his presence in thought I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
He who loved little children, when dwelling below,
Must love them, when dwelling above.



AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace! }
 { Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heaven, thy na - tive place! }

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove!

148.

Aspiration.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace!
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place!
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above!

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source;
 So the spirit, born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

149.

The Lord is thy Keeper.

SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
 Omnipotently near;
 Lo! he holds thee by the hand,
 And banishes thy fear;
 Shadows with his wings thy head;
 Guards from all impending harms;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 And guard from every sin.
 He is still our sure defence,
 We his ceaseless care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful providence,
 And ever-waking love.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Great source of un - ex - hausted good, Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food, And

peace, and calm content! Like fragrant incense, to the skies Let songs of grateful

praise a - rise, For all thy blessings lent, For all thy bless - ings lent.

150.

The good Providence of God.

GREAT Source of unexhausted good,
 Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
 And peace, and calm content!
 Like fragrant incense, to the skies
 Let songs of grateful praise arise,
 For all thy blessings lent.

Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy providence attends our way,
 And makes our happy home:
 Thy watchful love, around our bed,
 Doth softly, like a curtain, spread,
 And guard the peaceful room.

To thee, our lives, our all, we owe,
 Our peace, and sweetest joys below,
 And brightest hopes above;
 Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
 Our souls, and all our active powers,
 Be sacred to thy love.

151.

Child's Evening Hymn.

GREAT God, thy face I cannot see,
 But yet I know thou lovest me
 And every little child!
 Oh keep me safe, and love me still,
 And give me an obedient will,
 A temper kind and mild.

Give me an honest heart and tongue,
 And may I learn, while I am young,
 That what is right is best.
 My home this night, O God, defend,
 Upon our eyes sweet slumber send,
 And still, refreshing rest.

My thanks, O God, to thee I give
 For this dear home in which I live,
 My mother's smile and kiss:
 My father's care, my sister's love,
 The angels, who from homes above
 Descend to visit this.

LYONS. P. M.

O worship the Lord, all glorious a - bove, With praises re -

- - cord his won - der - ful love, — Our Shield and De - fend - er, the

Ancient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.

152.

Psalm of Praise.

O WORSHIP the Lord, all glorious above,
 With praises record his wonderful love, —
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

His bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
 It streams from the hills, it descends on the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In thee, Lord, we trust, nor find thee to fail;
 Thy mercy, how tender, how firm to the end!
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe
fold-ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when
wandering, redeems when opprest, Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

153.

God, our Shepherd.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

Child, a - midst the flowers at play, While the red light fades a - way;

Mother, with thine earnest eye, Ev - er following si - lent - ly;
:S: Pray! ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart, and bend the knee! Close.

Fa - ther, by the breeze of eve Called thy dai - ly toil to leave; Repeat from :S:

154.

All must pray.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;

Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy daily toil to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Traveler in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

155.

Opening or closing Year.

THANKS for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With our life's true aim in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with thy heavenly love;
And, when earthly years are told,
Take us to our home above.

156.

Parting Hymn.

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

IVES. 7s.

Fa - ther, now to thee we raise Grate - ful songs and hymns of praise;

Let thy blessing on us rest, With thy smile may we be blest:
 For the love and watchful care, That have blessed us through the year.

Thanks to thee, our Fa - ther kind, For the truths of heart and mind,

157.

Anniversary Hymn.

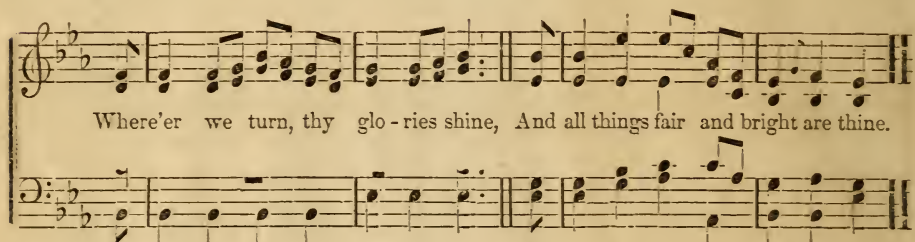
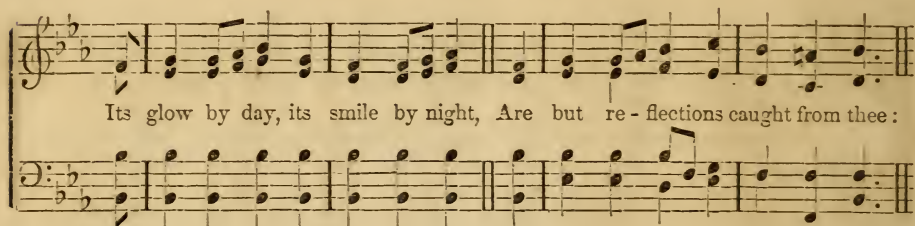
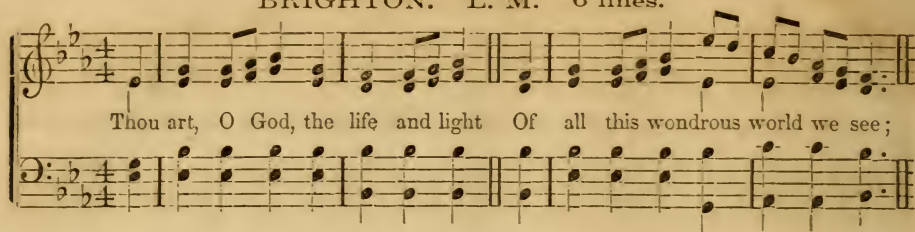
FATHER, now to thee we raise
 Grateful songs and hymns of praise;
 Let thy blessing on us rest,
 With thy smile may we be blest:
 Thanks to thee, our Father kind,
 For the truths of heart and mind,
 For the love and watchful care,
 That have blessed us through the year.

Thou hast given us friends most dear,
 Parents, teachers, pastor, here,
 Who for us both watch and pray,
 And would lead in thy right way.
 Father, may we hear their voice,
 Make religion our first choice,
 Onward press, and upward move,
 Filling life with deeds of love.

Father, be our guide in youth,
 Lead us in the paths of truth;
 May we thy true children be,
 Honest, loving, brave, and free;
 May we love to do thy will,
 In the world our part fulfil,
 And, as year by year goes by,
 Grow in truth and purity.

Foes we know are to be met,
 Snare the path of life beset;
 Clouds upon the valley rest,
 Rough and dark the mountain's breast:
 Therefore guide us, make us strong,
 Keep us, Lord, from going wrong;
 And the faults which make us fall,
 Help us, Lord, to conquer all.

BRIGHTON. L. M. 6 lines.



158.

God's Presence in Nature.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see,
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

159.

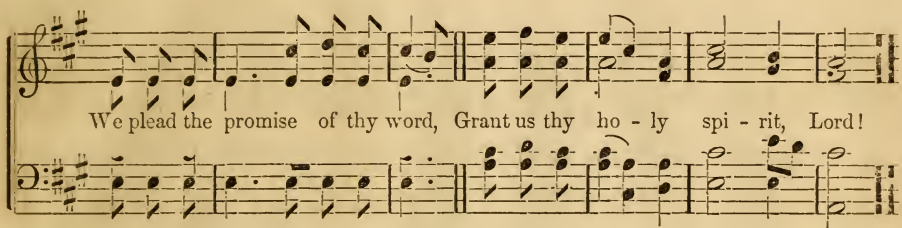
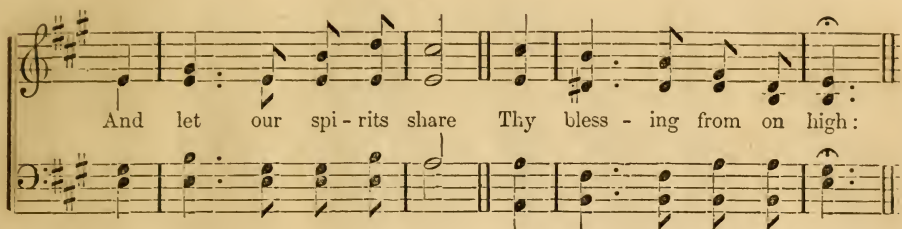
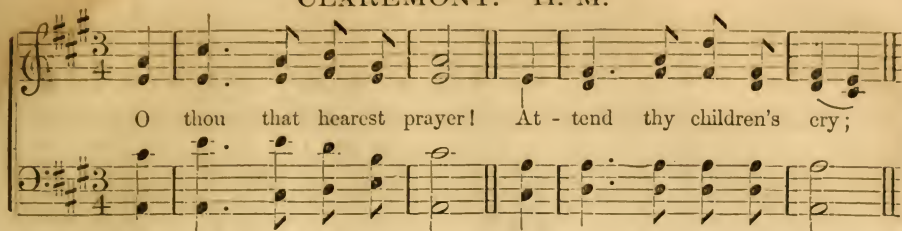
Prayer for Daily Guidance.

As every day, thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counselor and friend;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.

When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, O Father, while I rest:
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

Search me, O God! and know my heart;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

CLAREMONT. H. M.



160.

Invocation.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
 Attend thy children's cry;
 And let our spirits share
 Thy blessings from on high:
 We plead the promise of thy word,
 Grant us thy holy spirit, Lord!

If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.

Our heavenly Father, thou,—
 We—children of thy grace,—
 Oh let thy spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

161.

Benediction.

Now send thy spirit down
 Upon our spirits, Lord!
 With benediction crown
 The preaching of the word:
 The truth we hear, may we obey,
 And do thy will from day to day.

Then shall thy kingdom come,
 Thy righteousness and peace,
 And every heart become
 A temple of thy grace,
 Where constant worship shall ascend
 To thee, our ever-present Friend.

We sought thee when we came,
 We seek thee as we part;
 O, keep thou love's pure flame
 Alive in every heart;
 And, while we do thy blessed will,
 Thy heaven be all around us still!

BROWNE S. M.

The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky Their gi - ant branches tossed; And the heavy night hung dark, The hills and waters o'er, When a band of exiles moored their bark On the wild New-England shore.

162.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trump that sings of fame:
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea! [rang
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod! [found:
They have left unstained, what here they
Freedom to worship God.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

God is in his holy temple: Thoughts of earth, be silent now, While with reverence we as-

- sem- ble, And be- fore his presence bow. He is with us now and ev- er, When we

call upon his name, Aiding ev-ery good en- deavor, Guiding ev- ery upward aim.

163.

The Lord is in his Holy Temple.

God is in his holy temple :
 Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
 While with reverence we assemble,
 And before his presence bow.
 He is with us now and ever,
 When we call upon his name,
 Aiding every good endeavor,
 Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple—
 In the pure and holy mind ;
 In the reverent heart and simple ;
 In the soul from sense refined :
 Then let every low emotion
 Banished far and silent be !
 And our souls, in pure devotion,
 Lord, be temples worthy thee !

164.

Love Divine.

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Come, almighty to deliver !
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Graciously come down, and never
 Never more thy temples leave !

165.

The Peace of God.

PEACE of God, which knows no measure,
 Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
 Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
 Come, and all our hearts control !
 Come, almighty to deliver !
 Naught shall make us then afraid ;
 We will trust in thee for ever,
 Thou on whom our hope is stayed !

WRIGHTON. C. M.



What if the lit - tle rain should say, "So small a drop as I



Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields, I'll tar - ry in the sky!"

166.

Little Things.

What if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty field,
I'll tarry in the sky!"

What if each shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Could not create a day!

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing showers?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flowers?

And thus the good each child may do
Is help to all the rest;
Then let us active be and true,
And do our little best.

167.

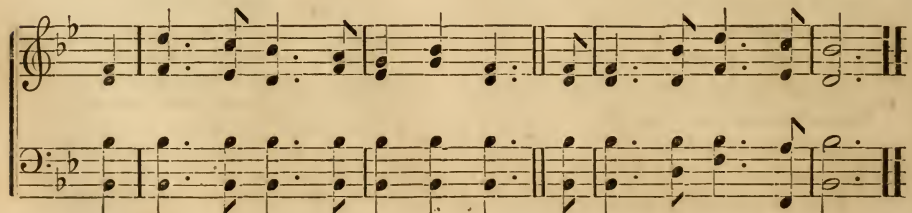
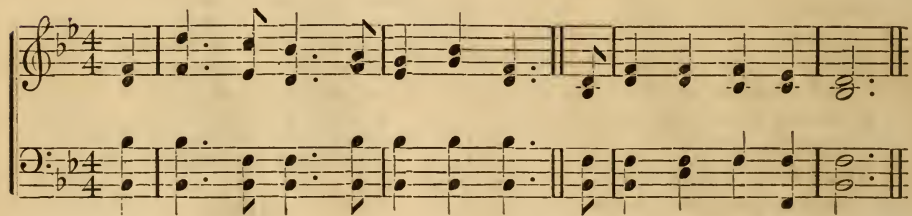
Industry.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes!

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy, too,
• Lest there be found some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.



WATER-DROPS. 6s & 5s.



Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,



Make the might - y o - cean, And the plea - sant land.

168.

Little Things.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

169.

Now is the Time.

PLUCK the rose while blooming,
Now 't is fresh and bright,
Wait not till to-morrow ;
Time is swift in flight.

Do thy deeds of kindness
Ere to-morrow's light ;
What may come, we know not ;
Time is swift in flight.

Wouldst thou true enjoyment ?
Now do what is right ;
Every day remembering
Time is swift in flight.

Wouldst thou make life useful,
Work, before 't is night,
Else thou 'lt be regretting
Time is swift in flight.

170.

God is good.

SEE the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
" God is ever good ! "

Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
" God is ever good ! "

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
" God is ever good ! "

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude ;
While all nature utters,
" God is ever good ! "



MORNING HYMN. P. M.

Our Father! we thank thee for sleep, For quiet and peace-a-ble rest; We
bless the kind care that doth keep Thy children from being distressed: Oh, how in their
weakness shall children repay Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day?

171.

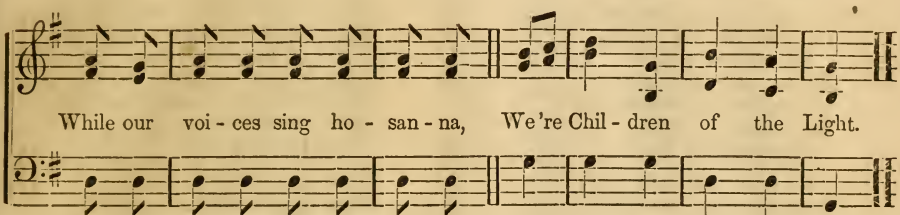
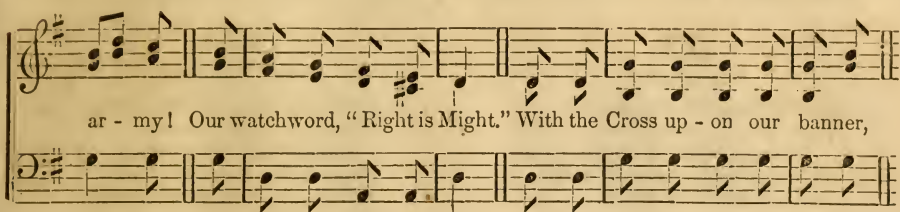
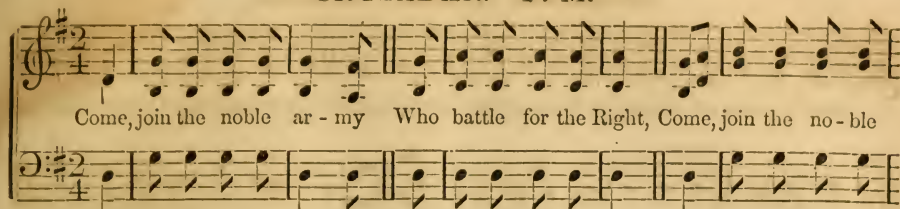
Morning and Evening Hymn.

OUR Father! we thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
We bless the kind care that doth keep
Thy children from being distressed:
Oh, how in their weakness shall children repay
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day?

Our voices shall utter thy praise,
Our hearts shall o'erflow with thy love;
Oh, teach us to walk in thy ways,
And lift us earth's trials above!
The heart's true affection is all we can give;
In love's pure devotion, oh, help us to live!

So long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth we should stay,
We pray thee to guard us by night,
And help us to serve thee by day;
And when all the days of this life shall be o'er,
Receive us in heaven, to serve thee the more.

CRUSADER. P. M.



172.

The Crusader.

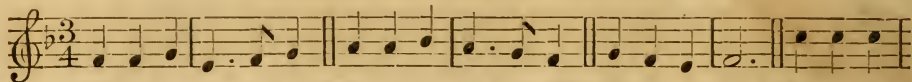
COME, join the noble army
 Who battle for the Right,
 Come, join the noble army!
 Our watchword, "Right is Might."
 With the Cross upon our banner,
 While our voices sing hosanna,
 We're Children of the Light.

March on, ye little soldiers,
 The battle you shall win!
 March on, ye little soldiers,
 Till you have conquered sin!
 For see, Jesus is before you,
 And the Lord is ever o'er you,
 And heart and hope within.

Then do not be discouraged,
 But bear up to the end;
 O, do not be discouraged,
 But with the Wrong contend.
 God will make his sons victorious,
 And will give them visions glorious,
 And keep them to the end.

And when the conflict's over,
 With all the noble band,
 The glorious conflict over,
 As victors you shall stand,
 Crying, Liberty for ever!
 Crying, Liberty for ever,
 Through all the holy land!

ENGLISH HYMN. 6s & 4s.



God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild



tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do thou our country save, By thy great might!

173.

Our Country.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee,
On thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness;
Her rulers, Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State!

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On thee we call!
Give us prosperity;
Give us true liberty;
May the oppressed go free;
God save us all!

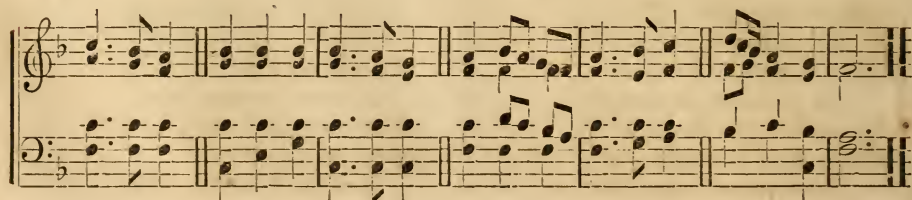
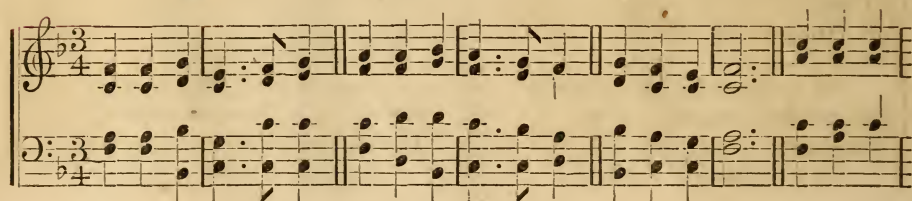
174.

Our Forefathers.

GONE are the great and good,
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
That light which on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

We now, our fathers' God!
Stand where our fathers trod,
Where sleeps their dust:
Their faith, which dared the sea,
Their truth, which made them free,
Their love of liberty,
Our sacred trust!

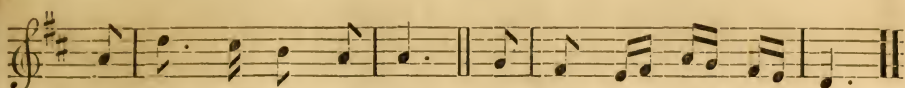
Thou high and holy One,
From father unto son,
May faith descend!
While years shall come and go,
While seas shall ebb and flow,
Thee may we ever know,
Our God and Friend!



ANNO. Gs.



An - oth - er year is given From God, our Fa - ther dear,



A bless - ed gift of heaven, A hap - py, hap - py year!

175.

Happy New Year.

ANOTHER year is given
From God, our Father dear,
A blessed gift of heaven,
A happy, happy year!

Father, thy children bless,
And bless our friends so dear,
And may our loving hearts
Make this a happy year.

May many good deeds done,
Resolves and prayers sincere,
And trials sweetly borne,
Make this a happy year!

We know that it must bring
Some sorrow and some care;
Our trusting hearts still sing,
A happy, happy year!

176.

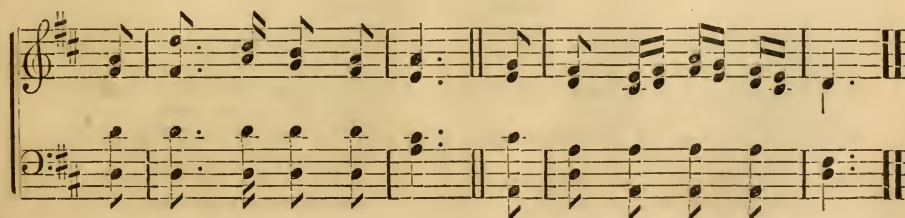
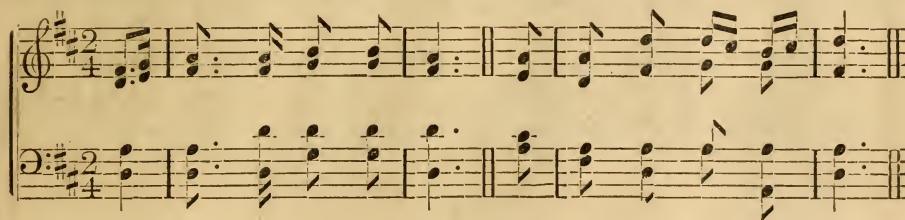
Close of the Year.

Now let our lips unite
To thank our Father dear,
Whose love, by day and night,
Has kept us through the year.

In sunshine and 'mid flowers
When we our way have trod,
Those bright and joyous hours,
Were each the gift of God.

And when across our road
Some grief its shadow drew,
God's love was in the cloud
And soon the sun shone through.

Wrong things we've done, we know,
O Father, now forgive!
And may we better grow,
Each year that we shall live.



LANG SYNE. C. M. Double.

1 The sweet June days are come again, With sun and clouds be - tween,

And, fed a - like by sun and rain, The trees grow broad and green :

Spreads broad and green the leaf - y tent, Up - on whose grassy floor

Our feet, too long in cit - ies pent, Their free - dom find once more.

177.

Summer rural Gathering.

2 The sweet June days are come again ;
 Once more the glad earth yields
 Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
 And breath of clover fields.
 And deepening shade of summer woods,
 And glow of summer air,
 And winging thoughts, and happy moods
 Of love, and joy, and prayer.

3 The sweet June days are come again,
 The birds are on the wing,
 God's praises, in their loving strain,
 Unconsciously they sing.
 We know who giveth all our good,
 And, 'neath the arches dim,
 And ancient pillars of the wood,
 We lift our grateful hymn.

HINTON. P. M.

Now one last song, and then we part; How swiftly time is wing - ing!

But sweet are farewells of the heart, When they are said in sing - ing!

The ro - ses climb the gar - den wall; The buds are past their blow - ing;

The summer's breezy voi - ces call, And we must now be go - ing.

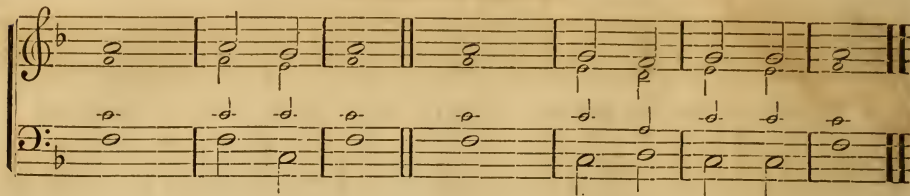
178.

Summer Parting.

Now one last song, and then we part;
 How swiftly time is winging!
 But sweet are farewells of the heart,
 When they are said in singing!
 The roses climb the garden wall;
 The buds are past their blowing;
 The summer's breezy voices call,
 And we must now be going.

We linger in our parting song;
 We praise thee as we sever;
 The summer days will not be long,
 Ere we shall praise for ever.
 All hail! then for the Summer Land,
 Whose blossoms never wither;
 Though here we drop each other's hand,
 We keep our journey thither!

CHANT No. 1



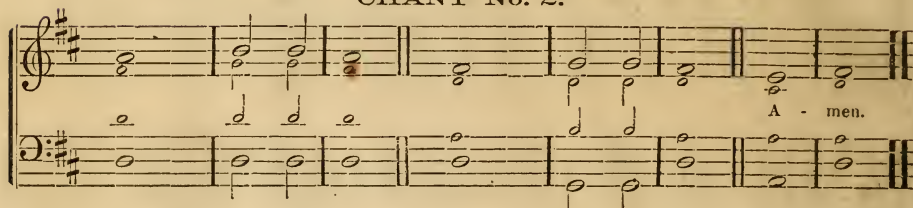
BLESSED be thou, our | fathers' | God :
Great and marvellous art | thou, O | God of | all. ||
For all that is in the | heavens is | thine :
And all that is | on the | earth is | thine.

Thine, O | Lord · is the | kingdom :
And thou art exalted as | Ruler | over | all. ||
Lo, all our blessings | come from | thee :
And ' thou dost | care for | all.

In thee is all | power and | might :
And thine it is to | give strength | unto | all. ||
Therefore, O Lord, | do we | thank thee :
And | bless thy | glorious | name.

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven :
The | High and | Holy | One ! ||
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be ;
Worlds | without | end. A · men.

CHANT No. 2.



THE Lord is my Shepherd ; I | shall not | want : ||
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
he leadeth me beside the | still — | waters.

He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
right paths for his | name's — | sake. ||

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with
me ; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort |
me.

Thou preparest a table before me ; thou anoint-
est my head ; my | cup runneth | over. ||
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life, and I will dwell in the
house of the | Lord for- | ever. || A- | men.

BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit : ||
For the kingdom of | heaven is | theirs.

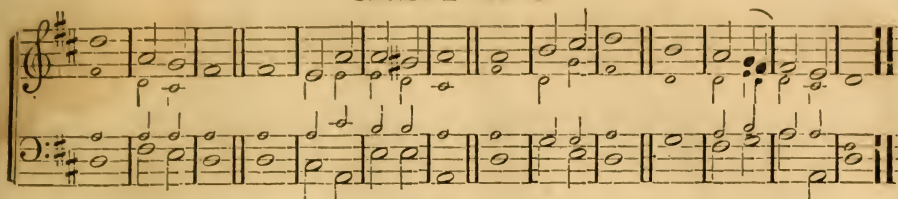
Blessed are | they that | mourn : ||
For they | shall be | comforted.

Blessed | are the | meek : ||
For they shall in- | herit the | earth.
Blessed are they who do | thirst for | right-
eousness : ||
For they | shall be | filled.

Blessed | are the | merciful : ||
For they shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
Blessed are the | pure in | heart : ||
For they shall | see — | God.

Blessed | are the | peacemakers : ||
For they shall be called | children of | God.
Blessed are they who are persecuted for | right-
eous- | ness : ||
For the kingdom of | heaven is | theirs.

CHANT No. 3.



O, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord :
 Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation. ||
 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving :
 And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

For the Lord is a | great — | God :
 And a great | King a- | bove all | kings. ||
 In his hands are all the | ends · of the | earth :
 And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

The sea is his, and | he — | made it :
 And his hands pre- | pared | the dry | land. ||
 O come, let us worship | and bow | down :
 Be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

For he is the | Lord our | God :
 And we are the people of his pasture, and the | flock — | of his | hand. ||
 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness :
 Let the whole earth | stand in | awe be- | fore him.

CHANT No. 4.



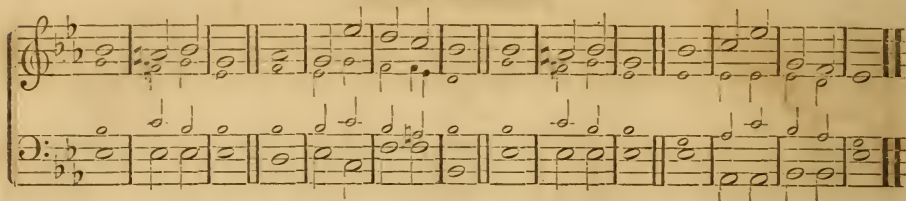
Bless the Lord, | O my | soul :
 And all that is within me, | bless his | holy | name. ||
 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul :
 And for- | get not | all his | benefits.

Who forgiveth | all thy | sin :
 And | healeth | thine in- | firmities. ||
 Who saveth thy | life · from de- | struction :
 And crowneth thee with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.

O bless the Lord, all | ye his | hosts :
 Ye servants of | his that | do his | will. ||
 Both young men and maidens, | old · men and | children,
 Bless the name of the Lord, for | his name · a- | lone is | excellent.

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven :
 The | High and | Holy | One. ||
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be ::
 Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

CHANT No. 5.



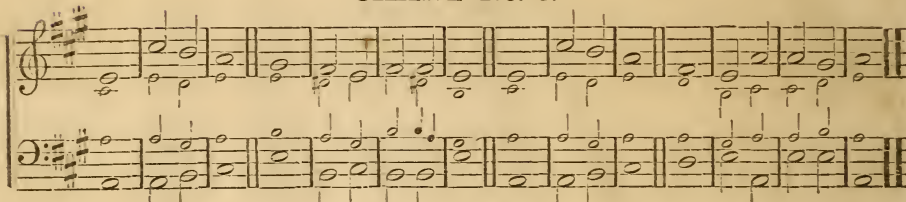
I will bless the | Lord at | all times :
 And his praise shall be | ever | on my | lips. ||
 O magnify the | Lord with | me :
 And let us ex- | alt his | name to- | gether.

O taste and see that the | Lord is | good :
 Blessed is the | man who | trusts in | him. ||
 Reverence the Lord, O | ye his | servants :
 For to those who reverence | him, shall | be no | want.

The young lions do want, and | suffer | hunger :
 But they who reverence | God, want | no good | thing. ||
 Come, ye children, hearken | unto | me :
 And I will | teach · you to | rev'rence | God.

Keep well thy | tongue from | evil :
 And thy | lips from | speaking | guile. ||
 Depart from evil, | and do | good :
 Seek for | peace — | and pur- | sue it.

CHANT No. 6.



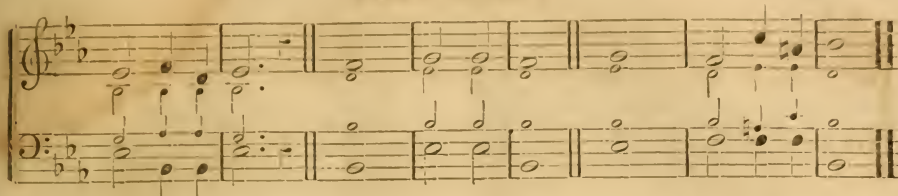
I will lift up mine | eyes · to the | mountains :
 From | whence doth | come my | help. ||
 My help cometh | from the | Lord :
 Who hath | made the | heavens and | earth.

He will not suffer thy | foot · to be | moved :
 He that | keepeth · thee | will not | slumber. ||
 Behold he that | keepeth | Israel :
 Doth | neither | slumber · nor | sleep.

The | Lord · is thy | keeper :
 The Lord is thy | shade on | thy right | hand. ||
 The sun shall not | smite thee · by | day :
 Neither the | moon — | by — | night.

The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil :
 He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul. ||
 The Lord shall preserve thee, going out and | coming | in :
 'rom this time | forth for- | ever- | more.

CHANT No. 7.



Thy will be done.

Thy will be | done! || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say |
Thy will be | done!

Thy will be | done! || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer shall make it more divine: |
Thy will be | done!

Thy will be | done! || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort, one,
Is ours,—to breathe, while we adore, |
Thy will be | done!

Teach us to pray.

TEACH us to | pray! ||
O Father, we look | up to | thee, ||
And this our one request shall be, |
Teach us to | pray!

Teach us to | pray! ||
A form of words will | not suf- | fice, ||
The heart must bring its sacrifice: |
Teach us to | pray!

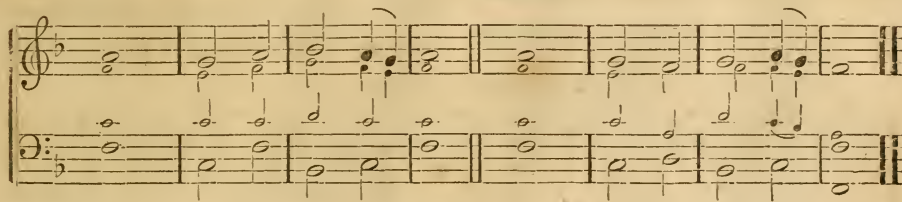
Teach us to | pray! ||
To whom shall we thy | children | turn? ||
Teach thou the lesson we would learn, |
Teach us to | pray!

Wilt Thou not visit me?

WILT Thou not visit | me? ||
The morning calls on me with | cheering | tone, ||
And every leaf and tree
Has but one voice, the | voice of · thee a- |
lone.

Yes, Thou wilt visit | me! ||
Nor plant, nor tree, delights thine | eye so | well, ||
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes, with | thine, in · peace to |
dwell.

CHANT No. 8.



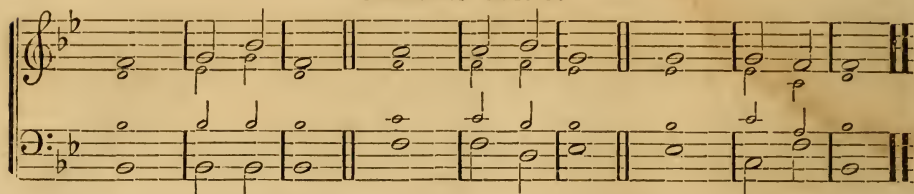
The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father who art in heaven; | hallowed | be thy | name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth · as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day | our — | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that | trespass · a- | gainst — | us.

And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- — | men.

CHANT No. 9.



HEAR, Father, hear our prayer !
 Thou who art pity where | sorrow · pre- | vaileth,||
 Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
 Strength to the feeble and | hope to · de- | spair,||
 Hear, Father, | hear our | prayer !

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !
 Wandering alone in the | land · of the | stranger ||
 Be with all travelers in sickness or danger,
 Guard thou their path, guide their | feet · from
 the | snare :||

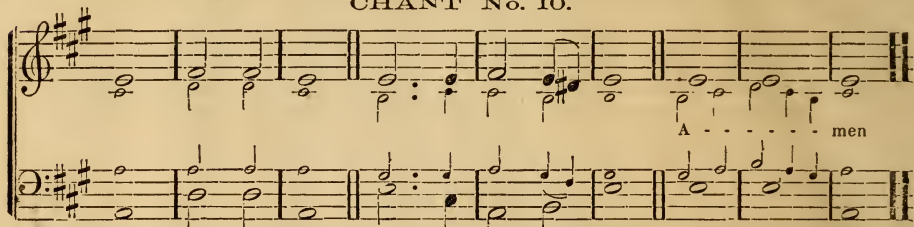
Hear, Father, | hear our | prayer !

Hear thou the poor that cry !
 Feed thou the hungry, and | lighten · their | sorrow,||
 Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow ;
 They are thy children, their | trust · is on | high :||
 Hear thou the | poor that | cry !

Dry thou the mourner's tear !
 Heal thou the wounds of time- | hallowed · af- |
 fection :||

Grant to the widow and orphan protection ;
 Be in their trouble a | friend · ever | near ;||
 Dry thou the | mourner's | tear !

CHANT No. 10.



FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father ! | hear it,||
 Borne on the trembling wings of awe and meek-
 ness ;

For- | give its | weakness !||

We see thy hand ; it leads us, it supports us :
 We hear thy voice ; it counsels | and it | courts
 us :||

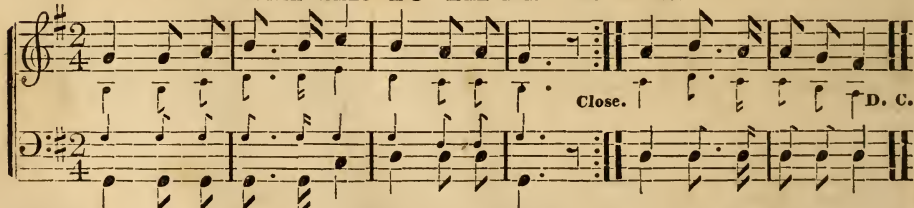
And then we turn away ; and still thy kindness
 For- | gives our | blindness.

Father and Saviour ! plant within each bosom
 The | seeds of | holiness ; || and bid them blossom
 In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
 And | spring e- | ternal. ||

Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
 Where angels walk, and seraphs | are the | war
 dens ;||

Where every flower escaping through death's
 portal,
 Be- | comes im- | mortal. ||

NEARER TO THEE. 6s & 4s.



NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly ;
 Still all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

179.

MORAVIAN, p. 75.

Now to our loving Father, God,
A gladsome song begin;
His smile is on the world abroad,
His joy our hearts within.
We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,
To worship thee aright;
Our joyfulness for praise receive!
Thou mak'st our lives so bright!

We turn to God a smiling face,
He smiles on us again;
He loves to see our cheerfulness,
And hear our gladsome strain.
The pure in heart are always glad;
The smile of God they feel;
He doth the secret of his joy
To blameless hearts reveal.

180.

AFTON, p. 68.

APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy
soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
Oh! serve him with gladness—the loving and
just!

His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch
above;
Confiding, believing, oh! enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with
praise!

Come not to his temple with pride in thy
mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart unde-
filed!

181.

HEBRON, p. 35.

I THANK my God, who through the night
Has kept me till the morning light;
And, Father, now I humbly pray
That thou wilt guard me through the day.

Keep me, O God! from every sin,
Wrong actions and wrong thoughts within;
Under thy care my childhood take,
And bless me when I sleep or wake.

182.

EVENING HYMN, p. 73.

God is my friend, I need not fear,
For he is good and always near;
And he will keep me by his power,
Through all this night from hour to hour.

One thing there is that I must dread,
And that is sin; for God has said
That they whom he protects from ill
Must love his law, and do his will.

183.

WARD, p. 9.

I USED to think that yonder sky
Was God's own palace bright and high;
That wingéd angels, glittering fair,
Were ever singing praises there.

I looked for them in sunset skies,
I thought the stars were their bright eyes;
But now I'm glad that when I pray,
God's heaven is not so far away.

I feel the soft and silent air,
And joy to know that God is there;
And when my heart to him is given,
I love to think that *that* is heaven.

184.

GREENVILLE, p. 6.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered thou hast found me;
When I doubted sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I;
 But my courage will not fail me,
 If on thee I can rely.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need;
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.

I would trust in thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm,
 Follow wholly thy directing,
 Thou mine only guard from harm!
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to thee when tried;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at thy side!

185.

AUTUMN, p. 37.

SHALL this life of mine be wasted?
 Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
 Shall true joy pass by untasted,
 And my soul remain unfilled?
 Shall the God-given hours be scattered
 Like the leaves upon the plain?
 Shall the blossoms lie unwatered
 By the drops of heavenly rain?

Shall this heart spend all its treasures
 On the things that fade and die?
 Shall it love the hollow pleasures
 Of bewildering vanity?
 No; I was not born to trifle
 Life away in dreams or sin;
 No; I must not, dare not stifle
 Longings such as these within.

186.

BALERMA, p. 48.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed;
 Then seize, O youth! the present hour,
 Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always—do it now—
 For in the present time,
 As in the furrows of a plough,
 Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
 Each seed that thou hast sown;
 And every act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
 Rejoicing thou shalt reap;
 Or o'er thy wild neglected soil
 Go forth in shame to weep.

187.

MARTYN, p. 66.

FELIX trembled, long ago,
 When the great apostle told
 Of the judgment, that should show
 What was dross and what was gold;
 Judgment sure which would not spare
 Even the king upon the throne;
 And the stern decision there
 Must be made by truth alone.

"Go thy ways," the Roman said,
 "Till a more convenient time;"
 Thus his soul shook off its dread—
 But that season never came.
 Ye, who in the flush of youth
 Say to conscience, "Go thy ways,"
 Think upon this solemn truth,
 Life has its sure judgment days.

188.

PETERBORO, p. 16.

THIS is the first and great command—
 To love thy God above;
 And this the second—as thyself
 Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

Who is my neighbor? He who wants
 The help which thou canst give;
 And both the law and prophets say,
 This do, and thou shalt live.

189.

DUNDEE, p. 40.

WHO is thy neighbor? he whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim;
 Oh! enter thou his humble door,
 With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim:
 With words of high sustaining hope
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
 Fettered in mind and limb;
 He hath no hope this side the grave;
 Go thou and ransom him.

190.

HINTON, p. 95.

Ho! ye that rest beneath the rock,
 On pastures greenly growing,
 Or roam at will, a favored flock,
 By waters gently flowing—
 Hear ye upon the desert air,
 A voice of woe come crying,
 Where, cold upon the barren moor,
 God's little lambs are dying.

See, the great Shepherd bend and call
 From fields of light and glory:
 "Go, feed my lambs and bring them all,
 From moor and mountain hoary!"
 Ye little flock, the call obey;
 And from the desert dreary,
 Lead those who faint along the way,
 Or wander lost and weary.

191.

ANGEL, p. 70.

HAVE faith in man, thy brother,
 The heavenly Father's child;
 And ever in thy judgment
 Be merciful and mild.

Have love for man, thy brother,
 Though lowly be his lot,
 For by the Almighty Father
 He never is forgot.

Forgive thine erring brother,
 As God forgiveth thee;
 And bear with all his failings
 In patient charity.

Deal gently with the fallen;
 And do not thou forget,
 However he has wandered,
 He is thy brother yet.

192.

MARTYN, p. 66.

CHILDREN, whom a mother's eye
 Ever watcheth tenderly,
 Whom a father's guarding arm
 Ever keeps secure from harm;
 Ye, whom sheltering homes enfold,
 Think of children bought and sold—
 Think of those who hopeless mourn
 Parent, child, asunder torn!

Ye, who after knowledge reach,
 Think of those 'tis crime to teach!
 Ye, who prize your liberty,
 Think of those 'tis crime to free!
 Ye, who unmolested live
 Think of the poor fugitive!
 Oh! by all the joys ye have,
 Think with pity of the slave!

193.

NAOMI, p. 27.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
 His light was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul to its home on high!
 They who have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.

194.

PRAYER, p. 43.

Another hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path that leads to heaven.

Oh! half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to heaven a shining one,
 Who walked an angel here.

Fold her, O Father! in thy arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and thee!

195.

STOCKWELL, p. 56.

THOU art gone before us, brother,
To the blesséd spirit-land;
Thou art gone, and soon another
In thy vacant place may stand.

Oh! thy pleasant smile of greeting
Nevermore shall glad our eyes;
And thy voice the hymn repeating,
Nevermore with ours shall rise.

But thy spirit may be near us
Sometimes, brother, on our way,
And its happier presence cheer us
In our prayer, or in our play.

Peace be with thee, O our brother!
In the blesséd spirit-land;
Thou'rt not lost, although another
In thy vacant place may stand.

196.

WARD, p. 9.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy gift of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

To fill the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
And then shall death but lead us on
To nobler service that succeeds.

197.

PRAYER, p. 43.

THOU, who hast called our being here,
And given us souls to save,
Hast taught us more of love than fear,
Of heaven than of the grave,—

To thee in every mortal hour,
With confidence we turn,
And feeling thine abiding power,
Our hearts with rapture burn.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
May all thy children say,
And thank thee, Father, for thy Son,
Who taught us how to pray.

198.

WRIGHTON, p. 83.

THE wild flower drinks the morning dew,
And greets the breezes free;
The pure in heart their strength renew
From thee, my God, from thee!

The tired bird seeks at night her nest
Within the sheltering tree;
So longs the weary heart to rest
On thee, my God, on thee!

The bark, by storms and tempests driven,
Would to its haven flee;
So turns the spirit, sorely riven,
To thee, my God, to thee!

My morning dew, mine evening nest,
My quiet haven be;
Give me to find my strength and rest
In thee, my God, in thee!

199.

OLD HUNDREDETH, p. 30.

O THOU! who sendest sun and rain
On wilderness and peopled plain,
Shed thou thy grace on heart and tongue,
And bless our teaching of the young.

We ask for no reward of praise,
No mere success in outward ways;
But may we, Lord, successful be
In leading these young souls to thee!

Grant thou our hands the seed to sow,
Which to eternal life shall grow;
Without thine aid our toil must fail,
But with it, Lord, we shall prevail.

200.

OLD HUNDREDETH, p. 30.

Now praise and thanks from all be given
Unto the God of earth and heaven!
In earth as heaven Thy will be done,
Thy kingdom come, All-righteous One!

PSALMS.

I.

THE heavens declare the glory of God :
And the firmament showeth forth the work of his hands.
Day telleth it unto day :
And night showeth the knowledge unto night.
There is no speech nor language :
And their voices are not heard.
Yet their music is gone out through all the earth :
And their words to the ends of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun :
Which cometh forth like a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth like a strong man to run his course.
It goeth forth from the end of the heavens :
And its circuit is to the end thereof.
The law of the Lord is perfect, giving life to the soul :
The precepts of the Lord are sure, giving wisdom to the simple.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned :
And in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can tell how oft he erreth :
Oh ! cleanse thou me from secret faults !
Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins :
Let them not get dominion over me.
Then shall I be upright :
I shall be innocent from great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart :
Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord ! my strength and my Redeemer.

II.

I will bless the Lord at all times :
His praise shall be ever in my mouth.
Oh ! magnify the Lord with me :
And let us exalt his name together.
I sought the Lord and he heard me :
And delivered me out of all my fears.
Look up to him and ye shall have light :
Your faces shall never be ashamed.

The afflicted cried and the Lord heard him :
And delivered him out of all his troubles.
 The angel of the Lord encampeth about them that trust him :
And doth deliver them.
 Oh! taste and see how good is the Lord :
Blessed is the man who trusts in him.
 Reverence the Lord, O ye his children :
For to those who reverence him shall be no want.
 The young lions want and suffer hunger :
But they who reverence the Lord want no good thing.
 Come, ye children, hearken unto me :
Thou wilt teach us to reverence God.
 Keep we our tongues from evil :
And our lips from speaking guile.
 Depart from evil and do good :
Seek peace and pursue it.
 Misfortune shall overtake the wicked :
And those who hate righteousness shall suffer.
 The Lord redeemeth the life of his servants :
And they that put their trust in him shall not be desolate.

 III.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High :
Abideth under the shadow of the Almighty.
 I say unto the Lord, thou art my refuge and my fortress :
My God in whom I trust.
 He will cover thee with his pinions :
And beneath his wings shalt thou be safe.
 Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night :
Nor of the arrow that flieth by day ;
Nor of the pestilence that walketh in darkness :
Nor of the plague that destroyeth in the noon-day.
 Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge :
And the Most High thy habitation ;
 No evil shall befall thee :
Nor any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
 For he will give his angels charge over thee :
To guard thee in all thy ways.
 They shall bear thee up in their hands :
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
 Because he loveth me, saith the Lord, I will deliver him :
I will set him on high because he hath regard unto my name.
 When he calleth upon me I will answer him :
I will be with him in trouble and deliver him.
 With life will I satisfy him :
And show him my salvation.

IV.

Oh! sing unto the Lord a new song :
Sing unto the Lord all the earth !
Sing unto the Lord, and praise his name :
Show forth his salvation day by day.
Declare his glory among the nations :
His wonders to all people.
For the Lord is great :
And greatly to be praised.
For all the gods of the nations are idols :
But the Lord hath made the heavens.
Honor and majesty are before him :
Glory and beauty are in his sanctuary.
Give unto the Lord, O ye tribes of the people :
Give unto the Lord glory and praise.
Give unto the Lord the glory due his name ;
Bring offerings and come into his courts.
Oh! worship the Lord in holy beauty :
Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.
Say among the nations that the Lord is King :
He will judge the peoples righteously.
Let the heavens be glad and the earth rejoice :
Let the sea roar and the fullness of it.
Let the fields be joyful with all that is therein :
Let all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.
For he cometh, for he cometh to give justice to the earth :
He will judge the world with justice, and the nations with his truth.

V.

Bless the Lord, O my soul :
And all that is within me bless his holy name !
Bless the Lord, O my soul :
And forget not all his benefits !
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities :
Who healeth thy diseases.
Who redeemeth thy life from death :
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.
The Lord maketh right to be done :
Even justice to the oppressed.
Merciful is the Lord and kind :
Long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy.
As high as the heavens are above the earth :
So great is his mercy to them that do revere him.

As far as the east is from the west :
So far hath he set our sins from us.
 Even as a father pitieth his own children :
So the Lord hath compassion on them that reverence him.
 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon
 them that trust him :
And his goodness to children's children.
 Even to such as keep his covenant :
And remember his commandments to do them.
 Bless the Lord, O ye his angels :
Ye who do his commands at the voice of his word.
 Bless the Lord, O ye his hosts :
Ye servants of his who do his bidding.
 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion :
Bless the Lord, O my soul!

 VI.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord! my God, thou art very great :
Thou art clothed with glory and majesty.
 He covereth himself with light as with a garment :
And spreadeth out the heavens as a curtain.
 He maketh the winds his messengers :
The flaming lightnings his ministers.
 He established the foundations of the earth :
It shall never be removed.
 He sendeth forth the springs in brooks :
They run among the hills.
 They give drink to all the beasts of the forest ;
In them the wild beasts quench their thirst.
 About them the birds of the air have their dwellings :
Where they sing among the branches.
 He causeth grass to grow for the cattle :
And plants for the use of man.
 He appointeth the moon for seasons :
The sun knoweth when to go down.
 The sun ariseth and man goeth forth to his work :
To his labor till the evening. [them all :
 O Lord! how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made
The earth is full of thy riches; so is the ocean great and wide.
 In it are living things innumerable, creatures small and great :
All these look up to thee; thou givest them their food in due season.
 I will sing unto the Lord while I live :
I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.
 My meditation of him shall be sweet.
I will be glad in the Lord.

VII.

Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good :
And his mercy is forever.
 Let the redeemed of the Lord say this :
Whom he hath delivered from the hand of the enemy.
 They were wandering in a lonely wild :
And found no city that they might dwell in.
 They were hungry, they were thirsty :
Their soul grew faint within them.
 They cried unto the Lord in their trouble :
And he delivered them out of their distresses.
 He led them forth by a straight way :
Till they came to a city where they might dwell.
 Oh! that they would praise the Lord for his goodness :
For his wonderful deeds to the children of men.
 For he satisfieth them that thirst :
And the hungry filleth he with good.
 They that go down to the sea in ships :
Who do business on great waters ;
 These see the works of God :
And his wonders on the deep.
 He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind :
Which lifteth high the waves.
 They mount up to the heavens, they sink down to the depths :
Their soul melteth with distress.
 Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble :
And he saveth them out of their distresses.
 He turneth the storm to calm :
And the tossing waves are stilled.
 Then they are glad that they are quiet :
So he bringeth them to their desired haven.
 Oh! let them praise the Lord for his goodness :
For his wonderful deeds to the children of men !
 Let them extol him in the congregation of the people :
And praise him in the great assembly !

VIII.

Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good :
For his mercy is forever !
 Let the people say, his goodness is forever :
Let all who reverence the Lord now say, his mercy is forever !
 I called upon the Lord in trouble :
He heard and set me free.
 The Lord is on my side, I will not fear :
What can man do to me? the Lord he is my helper.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man :
It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.
 The Lord is my strength and song : the Lord is my salvation.
The voice of joy is in the homes of the righteous.
 Open to me the holy gates :
That I may go in and bless the Lord !
 I praise thee that thou hast heard me :
That thou hast been my safety.
 Oh ! hear us, Lord ! and bless us :
Hear, O Lord ! and make us prosper !
 Thou art my God and I will praise thee :
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.
 Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good :
For his mercy is forever.

IX.

I will lift up mine eyes to the mountains :
From whence doth come my help.
 My help cometh from the Lord :
Who hath made the heavens and earth.
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
 Behold he that keepeth Israel :
Doth neither slumber nor sleep.
 The Lord is thy keeper :
The Lord is thy shade on thy right hand.
 The sun shall not smite thee by day :
Neither the moon by night.
 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil :
He shall preserve thy soul.
 The Lord shall preserve thee, going out and coming in :
From this time forth for evermore.

Except the Lord build the house the builders toil in vain :
Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh in vain.
 In vain ye rise up early and go to rest late, and eat the bread of care :
For he giveth to his beloved while they sleep.

X.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised :
Yea, his greatness is unsearchable.
 One generation shall praise his works to another :
And shall declare his mighty deeds.
 The Lord is gracious and full of compassion :
Long-suffering, and most rich in mercy.

The Lord is good to all :
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
 All thy works do praise thee, Lord :
And thy servants all do bless thee.
 They speak of the glory of thy kingdom :
And tell of thy power.
 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom :
And thy dominion doth endure throughout all ages.
 The Lord upholdeth all that fall :
And raiseth up them that are bowed down.
 The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord !
And thou givest them their food in due season.
 Thou openest thy hand :
And satisfiest the desires of every living thing.
 The Lord is righteous in all his ways :
And holy in all his works.
 The Lord is nigh to all who call upon him :
To all who call on him in truth.
 He fulfilleth the desires of them that trust him :
He doth hear their cry and help them.
 My lips shall speak the praise of God :
Let all men bless his holy name forever and ever !

XI.

Oh ! praise ye the Lord :
Praise the Lord, O my soul !
 I will praise the Lord while I live :
I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.
 Put not your trust in princes :
Nor in the son of man, who can not help.
 For his breath goeth forth and returneth to the dust :
And in that day his plans do perish.
 Blessed is he that hath God for his help :
Whose hope is in the Lord, his God.
 He made the heavens and earth ; the sea and all that therein is :
He keepeth truth forever.
 He helpeth them to right who suffer wrong :
He giveth food unto the hungry.
 The Lord giveth freedom to the bound :
The Lord giveth light unto the blind.
 The Lord helpeth them that are fallen :
The Lord careth for the stranger.
 He defendeth the fatherless and the widow :
The way of the ungodly doth he overturn.
 The Lord, our God, shall reign forever :
Yea, throughout all ages. Praise ye the Lord !

XII.

Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises to our God :
Yea, pleasant and becoming is it to give thanks.
 Great is the Lord, and mighty in power :
In wisdom he is infinite.
 He healeth the broken in heart :
And bindeth up their wounds.
 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving :
Sing praises to our God with music.
 He covereth the heavens with clouds ; and prepareth rain for the earth :
He maketh grass to grow upon the hills.
 He giveth to the beast his food :
And feedeth the young ravens when they cry.
 He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates :
He hath blessed thy children in thee.
 He maketh peace in thy borders :
And filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
 He sendeth forth his commandment to the earth :
And his word runneth very swiftly.
 He giveth snow like wool :
And scattereth the hoar frost like to ashes.
 He sendeth out his word, they melt :
He maketh his winds to blow ; the waters flow.
 He hath proclaimed his word to our fathers :
His statutes and laws unto this people.

XIII.

We praise thee, O God !
We acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
 All the earth doth worship thee,
The Father Everlasting !
 To thee all angels cry aloud :
The heavens, and all the hosts therein :
 To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth :
 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory !
The glorious company of the apostles praise thee :
 The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee :
The noble army of the martyrs praise thee :
 The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,
The Father of an infinite majesty :
 Thou rulest over all things, O God ! with the glory of a Father.
We believe that thou art evermore our Judge.
 We pray thee, Father, help thy children,
Whom thou dost redeem with thy most patient love.

Grant them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord! save this people, and bless their heritage!
 Govern them, and lift them up forever!
Day by day we magnify thee;
 And we worship thy name, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord! to keep us this day without sin!
 O Lord! thy peace be upon us; thy peace be upon us!
O Lord! let thy blessing be upon us, as our trust is in thee!
 O Lord! in thee have we trusted, let us never be confounded!

XIV.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Glory be to God in the highest:
And on earth peace, good-will to men!
 For unto us a child is born:
To us a son is given.
 And he shall grow in stature and in favor with God and man:
And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him.
 The spirit of wisdom and of might:
The spirit of love and of trust in God.
 For the spirit of the Lord shall be upon him:
Anointing him to preach good tidings to the poor;
 To heal the broken hearted:
To proclaim freedom to the bound.
 With righteousness shall he judge the poor:
And reprove with justice for the meek.
 He shall heal the sick and comfort those who mourn:
And bless the little children.
 He shall overcome temptation:
And give eternal life to many.
 He shall go about doing good:
And bear witness to the truth.
 He shall be persecuted for righteousness' sake:
Despised and rejected of men.
 He shall be nailed to the bitter cross:
But be victorious over death.
 Wherefore God shall highly exalt him:
And give him a name above all names.
 How beautiful upon the mountains:
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings;
 That proclaimeth peace:
That publisheth salvation.
 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord:
Hosanna in the highest!
 Glory be to God on high:
And on earth peace, good-will to men!

P R A Y E R S .

These Prayers are intended to be used in suitable portions, at discretion.

OPENING PRAYERS.

O THOU, our Heavenly Father, in whose name we have come together here! help us now to quiet our minds, that in stillness and reverence we may think of thee.

Thou hast kept us in safety through another week [year]. We pray thee to pardon whatever we have done amiss therein.

O Thou, who in thy great love for little children, didst give us life, and dost every day give us blessings, we thank thee for thy great loving-kindness, and the multitude of thy mercies to us.

We thank thee for the light of day and the stillness of night; for the beauty of the sky and the earth; for the stars and the flowers; for the dear faces of those we love.

We thank thee for our homes and friends; for our daily bread and our nightly rest.

We thank thee for the gift of immortal life; that when we die, and our bodies are laid away in the beautiful earth, our spirits may live forever with thine angels, in a more beautiful world.

We thank thee for the life and words of the holy Jesus; and for all who teach us what is right, and good, and true.

O Father, bless the teachings of this day. May we listen quietly and willingly; what is spoken in our ear, may we take to our heart.

As thy children, we offer our prayers, trusting in thy love and power. AMEN.

CLOSING PRAYERS.

HEAVENLY Father, let thy blessing be with us as we go away. What we have now learned may we remember; and what we remember, with thy help may we do.

O God of Truth, may we love the truth, and speak the truth, and be willing to suffer for the truth.

O God of Love, may our hearts be full of love, may we be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another. May we not hold any anger or malice or ill-will to any, even if they have wronged us.

O God of Righteousness, help us to do what our conscience tells us is right; to be obedient to our parents and our teachers, and to thy commandment; not with eye-service, but heartily.

Help us, Holy Father, to overcome our faults and the sin which easily besets us. And when we are tempted to do wrong, may the thought of thee keep us from the evil.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, may we think on these things.

O Thou, who hast brought us to the beginning of another week [year], we pray thee to keep us from all evil and danger to its end; comfort us in every sorrow, and make us faithful in every duty and brave in every trial. And may thy peace be with us all. AMEN.

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